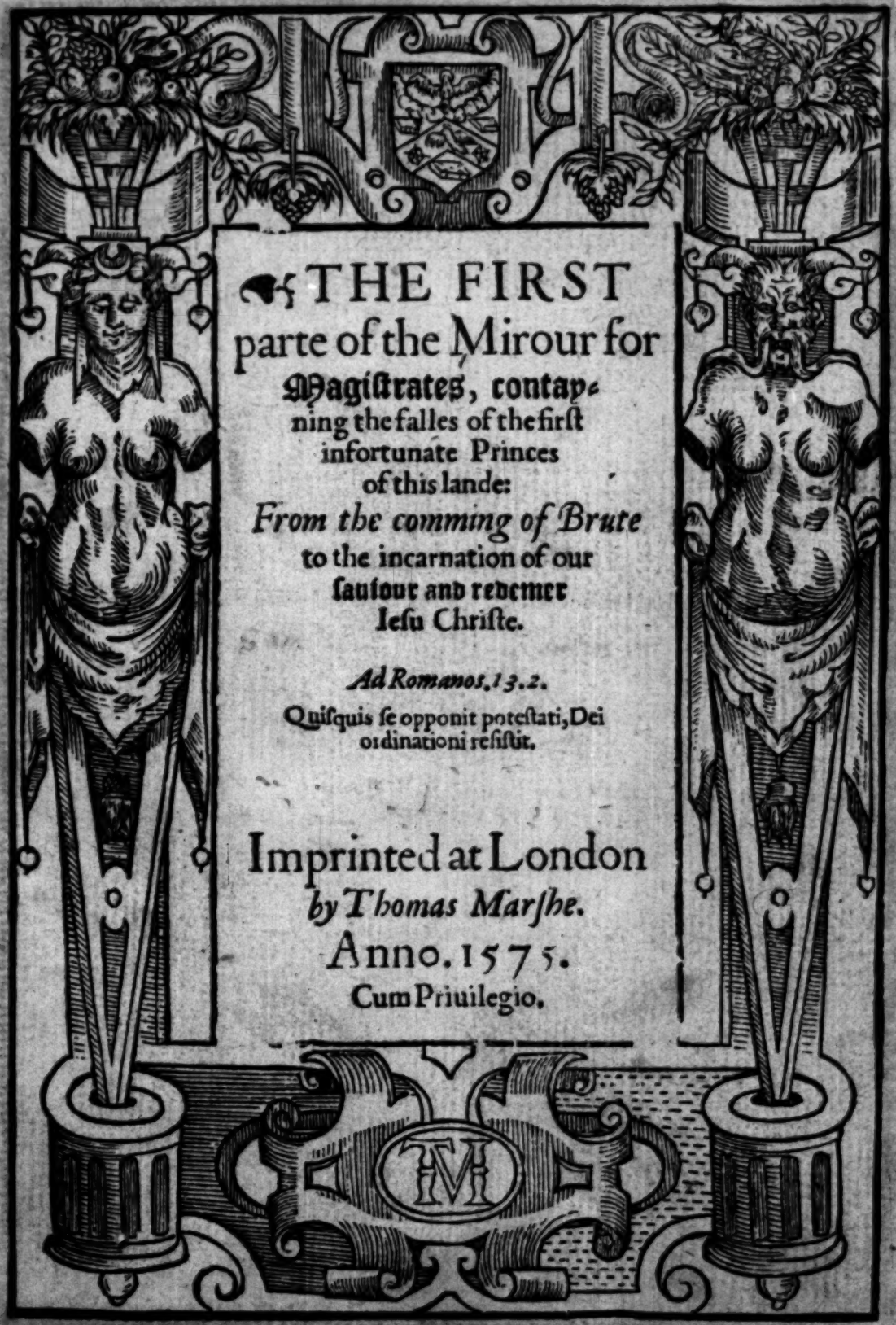


THE FIRST parte of the Mirour for Magistrates, containing the falles of the first infortunate Princes of this lande: *From the comming of Brute* to the incarnation of our sauiour and redemer Iesu Christe.

Ad Romanos. 13. 2.

Quisquis se opponit potestati, Dei ordinationi resistit.

Imprinted at London *by Thomas Marshe.* Anno. 1575. Cum Priuilegio.

The Contentes of the Booke.

1 ALbanact the yongest sonne of Brutus, telles of the finding of this lande, his fathers life, and his owne infortunate fall. Fol. 4.

2 Humber the king of Hunnes, shewes howe he minding to conquere this lande was drowned, &c. Fol. 15

3 Locrinus the eldest sonne of Brutus, declares his slaughter to haue happened for his euill life. Fol. 17

4 Elstride the concubine of Locrinus miserably drowned by Guendoline his wife declares hir presumptiō, leude life, and infortunate fall. Fol. 21

5 Sabrine the base childe of Locrinus telles how she was pitifully drowned by his wife Guendoline in reueng of her fathers adulterye. Fol. 28

6 Madan shewes howe for his euill life hee vvas slayne of vvolues. Fol. 32

7 Manlius declares how he minding to kil his brother for the kingdome was by him slayne. Fol. 34

8 Mempricius giuen all to lust, pleasure and the sinne of Sodomy: telles how he was deuoured of wolues. Fol. 36

9 Bladud reciteth how hee practizing by curious artes to flye, fell and brake his necke. Fol. 40

10 Cordila shewes howe by despaire when she was in prison she slewe hir selfe. Fol. 47

Antonie Barker

The Contentes.

11 Morgan telles how he waging warre with his cosin Conidagus was slaine at the place yet called Glamorgan. Fol. 54.

12 Forrex declares howe hee minding to kill his brother vvhich ruled with him (that he might thereby raigne alone) was by him slayne. Fol. 57

13 Porrex recites how for the slaughter of his brother hee was slaine by his owne mother and hir maydens as hee laye sleeping. Fol. 60

14 Kimarus shewes howe for his euill life he was deuoured by wilde beastes. Fol. 63

15 Morindus a bastarde, declares how he was exalted to the kingdome, waxed cruell, and at last was deuoured by a monster. Fol. 65

16 Nennius a worthy Britaine the very patern of a valiant noble, and faithfull subiect, encountring with Iulius Cæsar at his first comming into this Island, vvas by him death wounded: yet natheless hee gate Cæsars svvorde: put him to flight: slewe therewith Labienus a Tribune of the Romaynes: endured fighte till his countrymen wan the battayle: died xv. dayes after. And nowe encourageth all good subiectes to defende their countrey from the power of forraine and vsurping enemies. Fol. 68

17 The tragœdy of Irenglas slayne by Elenine. Fol. 76

Loue and liue.

TO THE NOBILITIE and all other in office, God graunt *the increase of wysedome, with all thinges* necessarie for preseruacion of their estates, Amen.

AMongst the wise (right *Honorable*) whose sentẽces (*for the moste parte*) tende either to teache the attaining of vertue, or eschuing of vice: Plotinus that wonderfull and excellent Phylosopher, hath these wordes: *The propertie of Temperaunce is to couet nothing which maye bee repented: not to exceade the bandes of measure, and to keepe desire vnder the yooke of Reason. VVhiche saying if it were so well knowen, as is needefull: so well imbraced, as hee wyshed, or so surely fixed in minde, as it is printed in his woorkes: then certis manye Christians might by the instruction of an Ethnicke Phylosopher, shunne great and daungerous perils. For to couet without consideration: to passe the measure of his degree: and to lette will runne at randon, is the onely destruction of all* Plotin.

estates. Else howe were it possible, so many learned, politike, wise, renoumed, valiaunt and victorious personages, might euer haue come to such vtter decaye. Will you that I rehearse Alexander the great, Cæsar, Pompey, Cyrus, Hannibal, &c. All which (by desire of glorie) felte the rewarde of their immoderate and insatiable lustes, for if Alexander had ben content with Macedonie, or not ben puffte vp with pride after his triumphes: hee had neuer ben so miserably poysoned: If Cæsar and Pōpey had ben satisfied with their victories, and had not fell to ciuill discention, ỹ one had not ben slaine in ỹ Senate with daggers, the other abrode, by his frendes procurement. If Cyrus had ben pleased with all Persia, and Media, and not thirsted for blond, he had neuer com to so infortunat a fall. If Hannibal had not so much delited in glory of warfare, his countrey had neither fel in ruine, nor he ben miserably forced to poyson him selfe. But you wil say, desire of fame, glorie, renowne, and immortalitie (to which al mē wel nighe of nature are inclined especially those which excel or haue any singuler gift of Fortune or of the body) moued them to such daungerous, great and hardy enterprises, which I must nedes confesse as an infallible veritie: but for so much as the aboue named vertue by Plotinus his iudgemēt hath such excellent properties, it is so fit in a Magistrate,

Qu. Curtius.

Iustinus. lib. 1.

Plutarchus. Liuius. Polybius.

strate, that I surely deme those Princes aboue specified (considering their factes, estates, fortunes, fame and exploytes) had neuer come to suche ende, but for wante of temperance. Yet sithe there are three other Cardinall vertues whiche are requisite in him that should be in authoritie: that is to saye, Prudence, Iustice, and Fortitude, which so wōderfully adorne and beautifie all estates, (if Temperaunce bee with them adioyned that they moue the very enemies with admiration to praise thē) some peraduenture as affection leades: will commende one, some another. Yea, and though Aristotle prince of Phylosophers name Prudence, The mother of vertues. And Cicero define him the knowledge of thinges which ought to be desired and followed: and also of them which ought to be fled and eschewed, yet shall you finde that for wante of Temperaunce, those whiche were counted the wisest that euer were, fel into wonderfull reproche and infamie. Yea and though Iustice that incomparable vertue, as the auncient Ciuilians define hir, be a perpetuall and constant will which geueth to euery man his right. Yet if she be not constant, which is the gift of fortitude, nor equal in discerning right from wrong, wherin is prudence: nor vse proportion in iudgement and sentence which pertaineth to temperaunce. shee can neuer be called equitie or iustice, but fraude, deceite,

Aristot. Cicero. Prudence

Iustice.

ceate, in iustice, and iniurie. And to speake of Fortitude which Cicero definith, A consyderate vndertaking of perils, and enduring of labours. If hee whom we suppose stoute, valiaũt, and of good courage, want Prudence, Iustice, or Temperaunce, he is not counted bolde, manly and constant, but made beastly and desperate. I will also sith I haue gone so farre with the vertues (and the place so vrgeth) lastly set downe the difinition of Temperaunce, according to Cicero his opinion, Temperaũce (saith he) is of reason in lust and other euil assaultes of ỹ minde, a sure and moderate dominion and rule. This noble vertue hath three partes, that is cõtinence, clemẽcie and modestie, which well and wisely obserued and kept (if grace be to thẽ adioyned) it is impossible for him that is endued with the aboue named vertues euer to fall into the vnfortunate snares of calamitie or misfortune. But Ambition which is an immoderate desire of honore, rule, dominiõ, and superioritie. (the very destructiõ of nobilitie, and commune weales: as among the Romains Silla, Marius, Carbo, Cinna, Cateline, Pompey, and Cæsar, are witnesses) hath brought great decay also to our countrey, and countreymen. which Maister Baldwin hath so learnedly touched in his Epistle of the other volume of this booke, that I nede not therewith deale any further. Onely I would to God it were

Fortitude Cicero.

Cicero. Temperaunce.

so oft

so oftē read and regarded of all Magistrates as the matter requireth. I haue here (right honorable) in this booke (which I am so bold to dedicate to your honors) only reproued foly in those which are heedelesse: inurie in extortioners, rashnes in vēterers, and excesse, in such as suppresse not vnruly affections. And I trust you will so thinke of it (although the style deserue not like commendation) as you thought of the other part: which if you shall, I doubt not but it may pleasure some, if not, yet giue occasiō to others which can do farre better, either with eloquence to amend that is amisse in mine, or else when they see these so rudely pende, to publish their own. And thus wishing you Prudence to discerne what is meete for your callings. Iustice in the administrations of your functiōs, Fortitude in the defence of your countrey. and Temperance in moderation of all your affections, with increase of honors, and euerlasting felicitie, I bid you in Christe Iesu farewell.

Your humble Iohn Higgins.

I. Higgins to the Reader.

AMongſt diuers & ſondry Chronicles of many Nations, I thinke there are none (gentle Reader) ſo vncertaine & briefe in ꝑ beginning as ours, at which I cannot but maruayle, ſith at all tymes our Iſlande had as learned wryters (ſome ſinguler men excepted) as any Nation vnder ꝑ Sunne. Againe, thoſe which now are our beſt Chroniclers as they repoꝛt, haue great Antiquities, but what they publiſh of late yeares may be enlarged in many places by Chronicles of other Nacions: whereby it is manifeſt they are either ignoꝛaunt of the tõgues, oꝛ els not giuen to ꝑ ſtudie of ꝑ which they moſt pꝛofeſſe. Foꝛ if they were, me thinkes it were eaſie foꝛ them wᵗ ſuch Antiquities as they bꝛag they haue, to fetche our Hiſtoꝛies from the beginning, & make them as ample as the Chꝛonicles of any other Coũtry oꝛ Nation. But they are faine in ſteede of other ſtuffe to talke of ꝑ Romains, Greekes, Perſians, &c. and to fill our Hiſtoꝛies with their facts & fables. This I ſpeake not to ꝑ end I wold haue ours quite ſeperate from other without any mention of them, but I would haue them there only named where th'affayꝛes of both countries by warre, peace, truce, mariage, traſique oꝛ ſome neceſſary cauſe oꝛ other is intermixed. I haue ſeen no auncient antiquities in wꝛittẽ hand but two, one was Galfridus of Munmouth, which I loſt by miſfoꝛtune, the other an old Chꝛonicle in a kind of Engliſhe Verſe, beginning at Brute, and ending at the death of Humfrey Duke of Gloceſter, in the which and diuers other good Chꝛonicles I finde many thinges not mentioned in that great tome engroced of late by Maiſter Grafton, and that where he is moſt barraine and wantes matter. But as the greateſt beades, the grapeſt bayꝛes, and beſt clarkes haue not moſt wytte, ſo the greateſt Bookes, titles and Tomes contayne not moſt matter. And this haue I ſpoken becauſe in wꝛyting the Tragedies of the firſt infoꝛtunate Pꝛinces of this Iſle, I was often fayne to vſe

mine

mine owne ſimple inuentiõ, yet not ſwaruing from the matter) becauſe the Chronicles (although they went out vnder diuers mens names) in ſome ſuche places as I moſte needed their ayde wrate one thing: and that ſo briefly that a whole Princes raigne, life and death, was compryſed in three lines. Yea and ſometimes mine olde booke aboue mentioned holpe mee out when the reſt forſoke mee, as for Lanquet, Stowe, and Grafton, were alwayes nighe of one opinion, but the Floure of Hiſtories ſomewhat larger, ſome helpe had I of an olde Chronicle imprinted the yeare 1515. But ſurely me thinkes and ſo do moſt which delite in hiſtories, it were worthely done if one Chronicle wer drawne from the beginning in ſuch perfect ſort, that al monuments of vertuous men (to the exalting of Gods glory) and all punihments of vicious perſons (to the terrour of the wicked) might be regiſtred in perpetuall remẽbraunce. To which thing the right reuerende father in God Matthew Archbiſhop of Canterbury, and Metropolitane of Englande, hath brought ſuch ayde as wel by printing as preſeruing the witten Chronicles of this Realme, that by his Graces ſtudie and paynes, the labour in tyme to come, wilbe farre more eaſy to them that ſhall take ſuch trauayle in hand. But to leaue with theſe, and declare the cauſe of my purpoſe. As I chaunced to reade the Mirour for Magiſtrates, a worke by all men wonderfully commended, and full of fitte inſtructions for preſeruation of eche eſtate: taking in hand the Chronicles, and minding to conferre the times: mee thoughte the liues of a number euen at the beginning, the like infortunate Princes, offered themſelues vnto mee as matter very meete for imitation the like admonition, miter and phraſe, and ſeing Baldwine by theſe woordes moued mee ſomewhat thereto: It were (ſaith hee) a goodly and a notable matter to ſearche and diſcourſe our whole ſtorye from the beginning of the inhabiting of this Iſle, &c. I read the ſtories, I conſidered of the Princes, I noted their liues, and therewith conferred their deathes. On this I tooke penne in hande, minding nothing

leſſe

leſſe then to publiſhe them abroade: but onely to trye what I could do if neede were or time and leaſure were giuen mee to beſtowe in ſuch wyſe. I wrote the twoo firſt euen as they now are, and becauſe I would not kepe ſecrete my firſt labours in this kinde of ſtudy (though I might well haue bluſhed at the baſenes of my ſtyle) I ſhewed them to a friend of myne, deſiring his vnfayned iudgement in this matter: which when he had read, he neuer left intreating me to wryte other, til I had ended all to the byrth of CHRIST, and yet not ſo content: he deſired mee t'accompliſh the reſidue til I came to the Conqueſt, (which were welnighe fiftie Tragedies) but wearied with thoſe which I had written, I deſired him pauſe on this, till tyme and leaſure were giuen mee. Yet bee making relation to other his frendes what I had done, left mee not quiet till they likewyſe had ſeene them. Whoſe perſwaſion, as it ſeemed without any ſuſpitiō of aſſentation or flattery, ſo hath
"it made mee bolder at this preſent then before, Although
"(ſayd they) your Tragœdies be ſimple and not comparable to
"thoſe which the other before haue written: yet when men
"conſider that many wrote thoſe, but one theſe: that they are
"graue writers, you are but yong: the perfection of thoſe ſto-
"ries, and th'imperfection of theſe. Finally the good wil you
"beare to your country, the commendation of vertue, the de-
"teſtatiō of vice, the fal of ambition, the horrible end of tray-
"tours, harlots, tyrauntes, adulterers, enchaūters, murderers,
"and ſuch like. VVhen men (ſaid they) conſider theſe things,
"they can not (how ſimple ſoeuer your Verſe bee) but thinke
"well of the matter. At length with theſe perſwaſions and ſuche like, I was contente (good Reader) to publiſhe them for thy behouſe, and the publique weale of my countrye. At which if thou enuie: I minde not therefore to enuie my ſelfe and ſtaye my penne: but God willing thou ſhalt as faſt as I can prepare them, haue other Bookes from my handes which maye pleaſe thee againe, and thus with all my harte I bidde thee hartely Farewell.

Thy friende I. H.

AS Somer ſweete with all hir pleaſures paſt,
And leaues began, to leaue both braũche and tree,
VVhile winter cold approched neere full faſte,
Mee thought the time, to ſadnes moued mee
On drouping daies, not half ſuch mirth haue wee:
As when the time of yeare and wether-s fayre,
So moue our mindes, as mocions moue the ayre.

The wearye nightes, approched on apace
VVith darkeſom ſhades, which ſomewhat breedeth care,
The Sun hath take more neere the earth his race,
In Libra than, his greateſt ſwinge he bare,
For pardy then, the daies more colder are,
Then fades the greene fruite timely, herbes are don,
And wynter ginnes to waſte that Sommer won.

I deemde ſome booke, of mourning theame was beſte
To reade, wherwith inſtructions mingled ſo,
As migh againe, refreſh my wittes oppreſte
VVith tedioufnes not driue mee quyte therfro:
VVherfore I went the Printers ſtraight vnto,
To ſeeke ſome wooke of price I ſurely mente,
That might herein my carefull mynde contente.

At leength by hap, I found a booke ſo ſad,
As time of yeare or wynter could require,
The Mirroure namde, for Magiſtrates he had
So finely pende, as harte could well deſire,
VVhich when I read, ſo ſet my harte on fire:
Eftſones it mee conſtraind to take the payne
Not leaue with once, to reade it once againe.

The authours induction.

And as againe, I vewd this worke with heede:
And marked playne eache party tell his fall
Me thought in mynde, I ſawe thoſe men in deede:
Eke howe they came, in order pleading all,
Declaring well, this life is but a thrall:
Sithe thoſe on whom, for Fortunes giftes we ſtare,
Ofte ſooniſte ſinke in greateſt ſeas of care.

For ſome of theſe were kinges of high eſtate:
And ſome were Dukes, and came of Regall race:
Some Princes, Lordes and Iudges great that ſate
In councell ſtill, decreing euery caſe:
Some other Knightes, that vices did imbrace:
Some Gentlemen: ſome poore that looked hie,
Yet euery one had playde his tragœdie.

A Mirroure well it may be calde a glaſſe,
More cleare then any criſtall vnder Sun,
In eache reſpecte, the Tragœdies ſo paſſe,
Their names ſhall lyue, that ſuch a worke begun:
For why with ſuch Decorum is it don:
That Momus ſpight, which more then Argus eyes
Can neuer watche to kepe it from the wiſe.

Examples there, for all eſtates you finde,
For iudge (I ſay) what iuſtice he ſhould vſe:
The noble man to beare a noble mynde,
And not him ſelfe ambiciouſly abuſe:
The Gentleman vngentlenes refuſe:
The riche, and poore: and euery one may ſee,
VVhich way to loue and liue in his degree.

Me

Me thinkes they might beware by others harme,
And eke eſchue to clammer vp ſo hye:
Yet curſed pryde doth all their wittes becharme,
They thinke of naught, but prouerbes true do trie:
VVho hewes aloft the chips may hurte his eye:
VVho climes the tops of trees, wher bowes ar ſmal,
Or hawty towres, may quickly catch a fall.

This thing full well doth Phaëtons fall declare,
And Icarus aloft would flie and ſoare:
Eke Bladud once of Britayne rule that bare,
VVould clyme and flie, but eache did fal therfore.
For Phaëton was with lightning all to tore:
And Icarus the meane that did not recke
VVas drownde, by fal did Bladud breake his neck.

The ſcriptures eake of ſuch beare witnes can:
As Babilon for high preſumption fell.
But let me ende my tale that I began
VVhen I had red theſe Tragœdies full well
And paſt the night with labours long to tell:
One night at laſte I thought to leaue my vſe.
And take ſome eaſe before I chaungde my muſe.

VVherfore a way from reading I me gate:
My heauy head waxte dull for want of reſte.
I layde me downe the night was waxed late,
For lack of ſlepe myne eyes were ſore oppreſte,
Yet fancy ſtill of all their deathes increaſte:
Me thoughte nothing my minde from them could take,
So long as Somnus ſuffered me to wake.

The authours induction.

Then ſtraight appeard in purple colour blacke,
Sweete Somnus reſte, which comfortes eche aliue,
By eaſe of mynde that weares away all wracke,
That noyſome night from wery wittes doth driue,
Of labours long the pleaſures wee atchiue,
VVherat I ioyde ſithe after paynes were paſt,
I might receiue by Somnus eaſe at laſt.

But hee by whom I thought my ſelfe at reſt,
Reuiued all my fancies fonde before,
I more deſirous humbly did requeſt,
Him ſhew th'vnhappy princes were of yore,
For well I wiſte that hee could tell mee more,
Sythe vnto diuers Somnus erſte had tolde,
VVhat things were done in elder times of olde.

At length hee foorth his ſeruaunt Morpheus calde,
And bad him ſhewe mee from the firſt to th'ende,
Such perſones as in Britayne Fortune thralde.
VVhich ſtraight vpon his calling did attende,
And thus hee ſpake with countenaunce of frende,
"Come on thy wayes and thou ſhalt ſee and here,
"The Britaynes and their doinges what they were.

And as he led me through the darkes a whyle,
At length wee came into a goodly hall,
At th'ende wherof there ſeemde a duſkiſh Ile:
Out of the which hee gan the Britaynes call,
Such only as from Fortunes hap did fall:
VVhich when he called thryce, me ſeemde to heare,
The doores to cracke from whence they ſhould appeare.

And

And thryce I ſhrinkte aſide, and ſhund the ſight:
And three times thryce I wiſhte my ſelfe avvay:
Eke thryce from thẽce there flevv a flaſhe of light:
Three times I ſavve thẽ cõming make their ſtaye:
At laſte they all approchte in ſuch array:
VVith ſun drie ſhevves, appearing vnto mee,
A ſtraunger ſighte then erſte vvith eyes I ſee.

Men mighty bigge, in plaine and ſtraunge attyre:
But ſome with woũds and bloud were ſo diſguiſde,
You ſcarcely could vvith reaſons ayde aſpire,
To knovv vvhat vvarre ſuch cruell death deuiſde.
But ſithe I haue their formes beneath compriſde,
VVheras their ſtories ſeuerally I ſhovve,
Your ſelfe therby their cauſe of death may knovv.

And eke their faces all and bodies vvere
Deſtaind with woade, and turkiſh beards they had
On th'ouerlippes mutchatoes long of heyre:
And wyeld they ſeemde as men diſpeiring mad.
Their lookes did make my fearful harte full ſad,
And yet I could not for my life eſchevve
Their preſence, ere their mindes I likewiſe knewe.

For Morpheus vvilde me byde, and bad them tell
Their names and liues: their haps and haples days:
And by vvhat meanes frõ fortunes globe they fel,
VVhich did them erſte vnto ſuch honours rayſe.
VVhervvith the firſt not making moe delayes,
A perſon tall vvide vvoundes in breſte that bare:
Drevv neere to tell the cauſe of all his care.

And as to ſpeake he wiſte he might be bolde,
Deepe from his breaſte, hee threwe an vncouth ſounde:
I was amaſde his geſtures to beholde:
And bloud that freſhly trickled from his wounde:
VVith Eccho ſo did halfe his woordes rebounde,
That ſcarce at firſt the ſenſe might well appeare:
But thus me thought he ſpake as you ſhall heare.

Albanacte the yongeſt ſonne of Brutus telles of the finding of this lande, his fathers life, and his owne infortunate fall. He liued about the yeare before Chriſte. 1074.

SIth flattering Fortune ſlyely could beguyle
Me firſt, of all the Princes of this lande:
And yet at firſt on me did ſweetely ſmyle:
Do marke me here that firſt in preſence ſtande,
And whē thou wel my woūded corps haſt ſcande,
Then ſhalt thou ſee, what tale I mynde to fraine,
In ſtories called Albanacte by name.

So if thou liſte to heare what I recite,
If thou intende to ſhowe my fatall fall:
I praye thee take the paynes my tale to wryte,
As I in order here repeate it ſhall,
What needſte thou muſe? thou needſt not feare at all:
Syth thoſe that later liude their tales haue tolde,
Our elder liues to wrīte thou mayſt be bolde.

Lay dreade aſide, let nothing thee amaze:
Ne haue diſpaire of ſo vncouched ryme.
Leaue of on mee with feareſull lookes to gaze:
Thy pen may ſerue for ſuch a tale as myne.
Firſt will I tell thee all my fathers Lyne:
Then hitherwarde why he with Troianes mand
His voyage made, and founde this noble land.

And last I minde to tell thee of my selfe,
My life and death, a Tragedie so true,
As may approue your world is all but pelfe,
And pleasures sweete whom sorowes aye ensue:
Hereafter eke in order coms a crue,
Which can declare, of worldly pleasures vaine,
The price we all haue bought, with greeuous paine.

Well nowe I see thou putst apart thy fright,
(And giuste an eare to heare not heard before)
I will declare the storie all so right,
Thou shalt no whit haue neede t'inquire no more.
Do marke me well what I recite therefore,
And after write it and therewith my name:
Let hardly me receiue if ought be blame.

When Troy was sackt, & brent and could not stand,
AEneas fled from thence, Anchises sonne,
And came at length to king Latinus lande,
He Turnus slewe, Lauinia eke he wonne,
And reignde. iii. yeares, Ascanius then his sonne,
Reignde next to him, eke Siluius was his heyre,
begate my father of a Lady fayre.

But when as Brutus fiftene yeares was olde,
(For so they calde my father by his name)
With Siluius then an hunting goe he would,
And thinking for to strike in chace the game,
His father that by chaunce beyonde it came
Receiude the glaunce, and through his tender syde
With deadly dint, the shaft did swifely slyde.

So though

So though by chaunce, my father Brutus slewe
My graundsyre Siluius, sore against his will:
Which came by chaunce as he his arrow drewe,
That thought the fearfull Harte, not him to kill:
Yet was he banisht from Italia still:
Commaunded neuer to retourne no more,
Except he would his life to leese therefore.

On this to Greece, from thence he tooke his waye:
Where Troians were by Grecians captiues kept.
Helenus was by Pirrhus brought awaye,
Frō death of those, whose fall their frends bewept,
My father all this while no busines slepte:
But by his facts, and feats obtainde such fame:
Seuen thousand captiue Troians to him came.

Assaracus a noble Grecian eke,
Who by his mother came of Troiane race:
Because he sawe my fathers powre not weke,
Came vnto him to ayde him in this case:
For that his brother thought him to deface,
Which was a Greeke by both his parents sydes,
His Castels three my father Brutus guides.

Thus hee, to be their captaine was content:
And all the Troians gathered to his bande,
His post vnto the Grecian king he sent,
For to entreate he might depart his lande.
Which when king Pandrasus did vnderstande,
An armie straight he did therefore addresse,
On purpose all the Troianes to suppresse.

Then

Then whyle king Pandraſus at Spartine towne,
Thought them in deſertes by, to circumuente:
My father with three thouſand beate them downe:
Such fauoure loe him lady Fortune lente.
By Mars his force, their rayes & rankes he rente:
And tooke Antigonus the brother of their king,
With others mo, as captiues home to bring.

The taken towne, from which the king was fled
My father with ſixe hundreth men did man:
Eche priſner was vnto his keper led,
To kepe in towne, the noble Troianes wan:
My father into woods conueyde him than
Again with his, and kepte him there by nighte,
To quaile the Grecians if they came to fighte.

And when the king had calde to mynde his foyle:
His flighte, and brother by the Troianes take:
The towne he loſte, and Brutus had the ſpoyle:
He thought not ſo, the field and fight forſake,
But of his men a muſter newe to make:
And ſo agayne for to beſiege the towne,
In hope reuenge, or winne his loſte renowne.

By night my father that his purpoſe knewe,
Came foorth from woods where as he wayted by:
The Troianes all th'unarmed Grecians ſlewe,
Wēt through their cāpe, could none their force deny
Vnto the tente where Pandraſus did lye:
Where as my father tooke their king that nighte,
And ſaude his life as ſeemde a worthy wighte.

Which victorie when he had wisely won
The Troiane victour did a counsayle call,
To knowe what best were with the king be don:
Now tell (q he) what ransom aske we shall:
On which when none agreed scarce of all,
At length the Mempricius vp from seate did ryse
And silence made, gaue thus his counsayle wyse.

« I cannot Troianes but commend the facte,
« Of this our noble captaine worthy praise:
« Which thought, as t'was a wicked heynous acte
« T'abridge the Grecian king of vitall dayes.
« Wee rather ought by clemency to rayse
« Our fame to sky, then by a sauage guyse,
« Sith Gods and men, both cruelty despise.

« The cause we fought: was for the freedome all
« Of Troianes taken, we haue freedome won.
« Wee haue our purpose, and their king withall,
« To whom of rigour nothing ought be don:
« Though he the quarell with vs first begon:
« And though we owe the fall of Troyes requite:
« Yet let reuenge therof from Gods to light.

« His subiectes all, do wayle their ill pretence,
« And weapons layde aside for mercy crye:
« They all cõfesse their plagues to come fcõ thence,
« Where first from faith of Gods they seemde to flye,
« Their nobles dare not come the case to trie:
« But euen for peace with all their hartes they sue,
« And meekly graunt, whence al their mischifes grewe.

The

cc The Lady faire his daughter who surmountes,
cc For vertues rare: for bewty braue, and grace,
cc Both Helene fine, of whom they made accountes,
cc And all the reste that come of Grecian race.
cc She for her father sues, bewayles his case,
cc And by hir wisdome, cheere and parentes loue:
cc Doth vs, and Brutus both to pitie moue.

cc Yet some will saye, he should depriued bee
cc Of kingdome quite, and worthy Brutus should
cc Receiue the scepter, this misliketh mee.
cc To this vniustice Brutus if we could
cc Consent (I deeme) agree he neuer would,
cc So much him selfe ambitiously t'abuse:
cc Or else a king vnkindly so to vse.

cc For kingdomes sake a king at home to kill
cc Were farre to bad, within his native lande:
cc Though he by right or wrong directed still,
cc His force gainst vs, that did him so withstande:
cc The king hath therfore ay the sworde in hand,
cc If any kicke against his pointes of lawe:
cc To cut them of, or keepe them vnder awe.

cc Tis best O Brutus if thou like her, take
cc His daughter Innogen vnto thy wyfe:
cc And let the king a dowry large hir make:
cc Gold, syluer, shippes, and corne for our relieue:
cc With other thinges whereof this lande is rife:
cc That wee so fraught may seeke some desert shore,
cc Where wee and ours, may raigne for euermore.

This

This pleasde both Brutus and the Troyanes all
Who wild forthwith that Pandrasus the king,
Should reuerently be brought into the hall,
And present, when they tolde him of this thing,
Great griefe and sorowe did his harte so sting,
He could not shewe by countenaunce or cheere,
That he it likte, but spake as you shall heare.

«Sithe that the hatefull Gods haue pelted mee
«And eke my brother captiues to your handes,
«I am content to doe as pleaseth yee,
«For feare I leese both life and goodes and landes,
«I must bee nedes content as Fortune standes
«I giue my daughter, golde and syluer fine
«With what for dowry else you craue is myne.

To make my tale the shorter if I maye,
My father then was maried by and by,
And all thinges else performed by a daye:
The king restorde that did in prysen lye:
The Troianes parted from the shores pardy
Did hoyse vp sayles: in twoo daies and a night
Upon the Isle of Leogrece they light.

And leauing of their shippes at roade, to lande
They wandering went the countrey for to bewe,
Lo there a desert citie olde they fande:
And eke a temple (if report be true)
Wherin Diana to such credit grewe:
That sacrifice the Troianes counsayle gaue
My father make, an aunswere for to haue.

And he

And he no whitmisliking their aduice
Went forth: and did before the alter holde
In his right hand, a cup to sacrifice
Filde with wyne, and whyte Hyndes bloud scarce colde:
And then before hir stature straight he tolde
Deuoutly all his whole peticion there,
In better sorte then I repeate it here.

"O Goddesse great in groaues that putst, wylde boares in feareful feare:
"And maiste go all the compas pathes, of euery ayrie sphere.
"Eke of th'infernall houses to, resolue the earthly rightes:
"And tell what countrey in to dwell thou gyuste vs Troian wightes.
"Assigne a certayne seate where I, shall worship thee for aye:
"And where repleate with virgins, I erecte thy temples may.

When nyne tymes he had spoken this, and went
Fowre tymes the alter rounde and stayde agen:
He powrde the wyne and bloud in hande he hente
Into the fyre, O witlesse cares of men!
Suche holy mere, and blindnes great was then:
But if religion nowe bidues toyes fare well:
Embrace thats good, the vice of time I tell.

Hee layde him then downe by the alters syde
Upon the white Hindes skin espred therfore:
It was the third howre of the night a tyde
Of sweetest sleepe: he gaue hymselfe the more
To reste and sleepe: then seemed him before
Diana chaste the Goddesse to appeare,
And spake to him these woordes that you shall heare.

O Brute

" O Brute farre vnder Phœbus fall, beyonde of Fraunce that raigne:
" In Iland in the Ocean is, with sea tis compasse mayne.
" In Iland in the Ocean is, where Giauntes once did dwell:
" But nowe a deserte place thats fit, will serue thy people well.
" To this direct thy race, for there shalbe thy seate for aye:
" And to thy sonnes there shalbe builte, an other stately Troye.
" Here of thy progenye and stocke, shall mighty kinges descende:
" And vnto them as subiecte, all the worlde shall bowe and bende:

On this hee woke, with ioyfull chere and tolde
The vision all: and aunswere that it gaue.
So it reioyste their hartes a thousand folde
To shippes they gotte, away the shores they drawe:
And hoysing sayles, for happy wyndes they crawe:
In thirty dayes their voyage so they dight:
That on the coaste of Affrica they light.

Then to Philænes alters they atayned,
For so men call twoo hilles erectid ar
In Tunise lande, twoo brethren ground that gainde
For Carthage once, and wente tis sayde to far
On Cyren ground for boundes, there buried wer:
Because they would not turne againe but striue
With Cyren men, they buried them aliue.

From thence they sayled vnto Saliues lake:
Twene Azaræ hilles, and Ruscitadam
They paste, from thence to Maluæ flouds they gate:
To Hercules his pillers sight they came:
And then to Tuscan seae whereas by fame
Not far from shore, like minded mates they finde,
Foure banisht races of the Troian kinde.

Com pa-

Companions of Antenor in his flighte,
But Corinæus was their captaine than,
For counsayle calde a wyse and worthy wighte:
In warres the prayse for vallauntnes he wan.
My father did so frendely vse this man,
He was content and all his men besyde:
To trie aduentures by my fathers guyde.

Then vnto Guyne in Fraunce they sayled thence,
And at the hauen of Loire they did arriue:
To vewe the countrey was their whole pretence,
And vitayles for their men and them atchiue,
Eke Corinæus leste the Galles should striue,
Led foorth twoo hundreth of his warlike bande,
To get prouision to the shippes from lande.

But when the king Gofarius herde of this,
That Troianes were arriued on his shore:
With Frēchemen & with Guines, their power & his
He came to take the pray they gat before,
And when they met they fought it both full sore:
Till Corinæus rushte into their bande,
And causde them flye, they durst no longer stande.

First might you there seen harts of Frēchmē broke,
Twoo hundreth Troianes gaue them all the foyle:
At home with odds they durst not byde the stroke,
Fewe Troianes beate them in their natiue soyle.
Eke Corinæus followed in this broyle
So faste vpon his foes before his men:
That they retourned & thought to spoyle him then.

There

There he alone against them all, and they
Against him one, with all their force did fight,
At last by chaunce his sworde was flowne away
By Fortune on an halberde then he light,
Which he did driue about him with such might,
That some their hands, & some their arms did leese,
Some legges, of some the head from shoulders flees.

As thus amongst them all he fought with force,
And Fortune great in daunger of his life,
My father had on him therewith remorce:
Came with a troupe of men to ende the strife,
When Frenchmen sawe the Troians force so rife,
They fled awaye, vnto their losse and paine,
In fight and flight nighe all their host was slaine.

And in that broyle saue Corinæus none
Did fight so fearcely, as did Turnus then,
My fathers cosin with his sworde alone,
Did slay that time welnigh sixe hundreth men:
They found him dead as they retourned agen,
Amongst the Frenchmen, wounded voide of breath,
Which pincht my fathers hart as pangs of death.

On this they bode a whyle reuenge to yelde
And to interre the dead, and Turnus slaine,
They tooke a towne not farre from place of fielde,
And built it strong to vere the Galles againe:
The name they gaue it still doth yet remayne,
Sith there they buried Turnus yet men call
It Tours, and name the folke Turones all.

Which towne they left at last with Troians mande
When as their ships were stoꝛde wᵗ what they nede:
A boꝛde, they hoyste vp sayles and left the lande,
By ayding windes they cut the seas with spede.
At length the shining Albion clyues did keede,
Their gasing eyes, by meanes wherof they sande,
Out Totnes hauen, and tooke this promiste lande.

The countrie seemed pleasaunt at the bewe,
And was by none inhabited as yet:
But certaine Giauntes whom they did pursue,
Which straight to caues in mountains did thē get,
So fine were woods, & floudes, and fountaines set:
My father had no cause but like it well,
And gaue his Souldiers places into dwell.

And then this Ile that Albion had to name,
My father caused Britayne called bee:
And eke the people Britaynes of the same:
As yet in auncient recoꝛdes is to see.
To Corinæus gaue hee franke and free,
The lande of Coꝛnwall, foꝛ his seruice don,
And foꝛ because from Giauntes he it won.

Then sith our Troiane stock came firste from Troy,
My father thought that dutie did him bynde,
Sith Foꝛtune thus had saude him from anoye,
The auncient towne againe to call to minde.
He builte new Troye, and Troian lawes assignde,
Whereby his stocke to his eternall fame:
Might keepe of Troye the euerlasting name.

And

And setled there, in perfecte peace and reste,
Deuoyde of warre, of labourr, strife or payne:
Then eke my mother, all his ioyes encreaste,
A Prince she bare and after other twayne:
Was neuer king, of children erste so fayne,
Three sonnes because of Innogen he gate:
Locrinus, Camber, last me Albanacte.

Thus hauing wealthe, and eke the world at will,
Nor wanting ought that might his minde content:
T'increase his power with wightes of warlike skill,
Was all his minde his purpose and intent.
Wherby if foes, inuasion after ment,
The Britaynes might not feare of forayne landes:
But keepe by fight, possessions in their handes.

Then when his people once perceaued his mynde,
(As what the Prince doth often most embrace,
To that the subiectes all, are straight inclinde:
And reuerence still, in eache respecte his grace)
They gat in warre such knowledge in short space,
That after they their force to trie begon:
They carde for nought by wit or wight not won.

They got of Giantes mountaines whence they came;
And woods frō whence they oft made wise they wold
Destroy and kill, when voyage out they framde
Or shewde themselues, in banding ouer bold:
Then straight the Britaynes, gladder then of gold
Were redy still, to fight at euery call:
Till time they had extincte, the monsters all.

Whereby the king had cause to take delight,
And might be bolde the lesse to feare his foes:
Perdie eche Prince may recke his enmies spite,
Thereafter as his force in fight he knoes:
A Princely hart the liberall giftes disclose.
He gaue to eche such guerdons for their facts,
As might them onely moue to noble actes.

No labours great his subiects then refusde,
Nor trauailes that might like his regall minde,
But eche of them such exercise well vsde,
Wherein was praise or glorie great to finde:
And to their liege bare faithfull hartes so kinde,
That what he wild they all obeyde his heste,
Nought els was currant, but the kings request.

What Prince aliue might more reioyce then hee?
Had faithfull men so valiaunt bolde and stout,
What pleasure more on earth could lightly bee?
Then winne an Ile and liue deuoyde of doubt:
An Ile said I? nay namde the worlde throughout
An other worlde, sith Sea doth it deuide
From th'earth, that wants not all ꝑ world beside.

What subiects eke more happie were then these?
Had such a king of such a noble hart,
And such a lande enioyde and liude at ease,
Whereof eche man almost might chose his part:
No feare of foes, vnknowen was treasons arte,
No fayning frends, no fawning Gnatoes skill:
No Thrasoes brags, but bearing eche good will.

But

But as each Sommer once receaues an ende,
And as no state, can stable stande for aye:
As course of time doth cause things bowe and bende,
As euery pleasure, hath hir ending daye:
As will, can neuer passe the power of maye:
Euen so my father happy dayes that spente,
Perceaude he must by sickenesse laste relente.

As doth the shipman well forsee the stormе,
And knowes what daunger lyes in syztes of sande:
Eke as the husband man prouides before,
When he perceaues the wynter colde at hande:
Euen so the wise, that course of thinges haue scande,
Can well the ende of sicknes great presage,
When it is ioynde with yeares of stooping age.

His counsayle all and wee assembled were,
To bid vs hie, or haste there was no nede:
Wee went with them, this newes vs caused feare
Sith so he sent, he was not well in dede,
And when we all approcht to him with spede:
To soone alasse, his grace right sicke we founde,
And him saluted as our duty bounde.

And casting of his doulfull eyes aslyde,
Not able well to moue his painfull head:
As silent we with teares his minde abyde,
He wild himselfe be reard in his bed:
Which done with sight of vs his eyes he fed.
Eke pawsing so a whyle for breath he staide:
At length to them, and vs thus wyse he sayde.

"No marueyle sure, though you herewith be sad,
"You noble Britaynes, for your Brutus sake:
"Sith whilome me your captaine stoute you had,
"That nowe my leaue and last farewell must take:
"Thus nature willes me once an ende to make:
"And leaue you here behinde, which after mee,
"Shall come as I departe before you see.

"You wot wherefore I with the Grecians fought,
"With dinte of sworde I made their force to flye:
"Antenors frendes on Tuscane shores I sought,
"And did you not my promisse leaue proue:
"By Martiall powre I made the Frenchmen flye,
"Where you to saue I loste my faithfull frende:
"For you, at Tours my Turnus tooke his ende.

"I neede not now, recite what loue I bare,
"My frendship you I truste haue found so well:
"That none emongste you all which present are,
"With teares doth not record the tale I tell.
"Eke whom I founde for vertues to excell,
"To them I gaue the price therof as due:
"As they deserude, whose factes I founde so true.

"Now must I proue, if paynes were well bestowde,
"Or if I spente my gratefull giftes in vayne:
"Or if these great good turnes to you I owde,
"And might not aske your loyall loues againe.
"Which if I wist what tonge could tell my paine,
"I meane if you vngratefull mindes do beare:
"What meaneth death, to let me linger here.

For

« For if you shall abuse your Prince in this,
« The Goddes on you for such an heynous facte,
« To take reuenge be sure will neuer misse:
« And then to late you will repente the acte,
« When all my realme & all your welthes are sackte,
« But if you shall as you begon procede:
« Of kingdomes fall or foes there is no drede.

« And to auoyde contention that may fall,
« Because I wishe this realme the Britaynes still:
« Therfore I will declare before you all,
« Sith you are come, my whole intent and will.
« Which if you kepe: and wrest it not to ill,
« There is no doubte, but euer more with fame,
« You shall enioye the Britaynes realme and name.

« You see my sonnes, that after mee must raigne,
« Whom you or this haue lickte and counsayde well:
« You know what erst you wisht they should refraine,
« Which way they might all vices vile expell:
« Which way they might in vertues great excell:
« Thus if you shall, when I am gone insue,
« You shall discharge the truste repolde in you.

« Be you their fathers, with your counsaile wise,
« And you my children take them euen as mee.
« Be you their guydes, in what you can deuise:
« And let their good instructions teache you thee,
« Be faithfull all, as brethren ought agree:
« For concorde kepes a realme in stable staye:
« But discorde brings all kingdomes to decaye.

" Recoyue to this mine eldeſt ſonne I giue,
" This midle parte of realme to holde his owne:
" And to his heires that after him ſhall liue,
" Alſo to Camber that his parte be knowne,
" I giue that lande that lies weinighe oyegrowne:
" Wich woods Noyweſt & mountaines mighty hie,
" Twene this and that, the Sturiæ ſtreame doth lie.

" And vnto thee my yongeſt ſonne that arte,
" Wyne Albanacte I giue to thee likewyſe:
" As much to be foy thee and thine a parte,
" As Noythe beyond the arme of Sea there lyes.
" Of which loe here, a map before your eyes,
" Lo here my ſonnes my kingdome all you haue:
" Foy which I nought, but this remember craue.

" Firſte, that you take theſe fathers graue foy mee,
" Imbyace their counſaile euen as it were myne:
" Next that betwene your ſelues you will agree,
" And neuer one at others wealth repine:
" See that ye byde ſtill bounde with frendly lyne,
" And laſte my ſubiectes, with ſuch loue retaine:
" As long they may your ſubiectes eke remaine.

" Loe now I fele my byeath beginnes to faile,
" Wy time is come, giue eebe to me your hande,
" Farewell, farewell, to mourne will not preuayle:
" I ſee with knife where Atropos doth ſtande,
" Farewell my frendes, my children and my lande,
" And farewell all my ſubiectes, farewell byeath,
" Farewell ten thouſand tymes, and welcome death.

And euen with that he turnde himselfe aside,
And gasped thryse, and gaue away the ghost:
Then all at once with mourning voyce they cryde,
And all his subiects eke, from lest to most
Lamenting fild with wayling teares eche coast:
Perdy the Britaynes all, with one assent:
Did for their king, full doulfully lament.

But what auayles, to striue against the tyde:
Or els to sayle, against the streame and wynd:
What booteth it against the clyues to ryde:
Or els to worke against the course of kynde:
Sith nature hath the ende of thinges assinde,
There is no nay, we must perforce departe:
Gainst dint of death, there is no ease by arte.

As custome wild wee funerals prepard,
And all with mourning cloathes, and there did come:
To laye this king on Beere we had regard,
In Royall sort, as did his corps become,
His Herce prepard, we brought him to his tombe,
At Troynouant, he built where he did dye,
Was he entombde: his Royall corps doth lye.

Thus raignd that worthy king, that found this land
My father Brutus, of the Troian bloode:
And thus he died when he ful well had mande,
This noble Realme with Britaynes fearce and goode:
And so a while in stable state it stoode,
Till wee deuided had, this realme in three,
And I too soone, receiude my part to mee.

Then

Then straight throughout all the world she gan faine to flie,
A monster swifter none in nature Sonne:
Encreasing, as in waters we descrie,
The circles small, of nothing that we gonne.
Which at the length, vnto such breadth do come,
That of a drop which from the skyes doth fall:
The circles spread, and hide the waters all.

So Fame in flight increaseth more and more,
For at the first she is not scarcely knowne:
But by and by, she flits from shore to shore:
To cloudes from th'earth her stature straight is growne,
There what so urr by her trompe is blowne:
The sound that both by sea, and land out flies,
Rebounds againe, and verberats the skies.

They say the earth, that first the Giaunts bred,
For anger that the Gods did them dispatche,
Brought forth this sister, of those monsters dead:
Full light of foote swift winges the winds to catch:
Such monster erst did Nature never hatche:
As many plumes she hath from top to toe,
So many eyes them vnder watche or moe.

And tongues do speake, as many eares do harke,
By night twene heaven, the skyes and earthly shade:
And shreaking takes no quiet sleepe by darke.
On houses rowfes, or towres as keeper made
She sittes by day, and Cities threats t'inuade.
And as she telles, what things she sees by dewe:
She rather shewes thats fained false, then true.

This

This Fame declares, that euen a people small,
Had landed here: and found this pleasaunt Ile,
And howe that nowe it was deuided all
Into three parts, and might within a while
Be won, by force, by treason, fraude or guile:
Wherfore shee moues her frends to make assay,
To wyn the price, and beare our pompe away.

A thousand things beside, she byuites and telles,
And makes the most of euery thing she beares:
Long time of vs she talkes and nothing els,
Eke what she seeth, abroade in haste she beares.
With tatling toyes and tickleth so their eares,
That needes they must to flattering Fame assent:
Though afterwards they do therefore lament.

By East from hence, a countrey large doth lye,
Vngaria eke of Hunnes it hath to name,
And hath Danubius flood on South it by,
Deuiding quite from Austria the same:
From thence a king was named Humber came:
On coastes of Albanie did he arriue,
In hope this lande of Britayne to atchiue.

Which when by postes of subiects I did heare,
How enmies were arriued on my shore:
I gathered all my souldiers voyde of feare,
And backe the Hunnes by force and might I bore.
But in this battayle was I hurt so sore,
That in the fielde of wounds I had, I dide.
And left my men as flockes without a guide.

Such

Such was my fate, to venture on so bolde,
My rashnes was the cause of all my woe:
Such is of all our glorie vaine the holde,
So soone we pompe and pleasures all forgoe:
So quickly are we rost out kingdomes froe:
And such is all the traste of Fortunes playe,
When lest we thinke, she cut vs quite away.

I deme me selfe an heauenly happy wight,
When once I had my part to raigne with him,
But see the chaunce what hap did after light:
Or I could scarce r'enioy my glee begin:
This Hunne did strike, from me my realme to win:
And had his will, O flattering Fortune fye,
What meanst thou thus to worke with Princes slye.

You worthy warriours, learne by mee, beware,
Let wisedome worke, lay rashnes all apart:
When as with enmies you encountred are,
You must endeuour, all your skilfull art:
By witty wyles, with force to make your mart:
Wit nought auailes, late bought with care and cost,
If you repent when life and labours lost.

FINIS.

The.

The Authour.

WIth that the wounded Prince departed quite,
From ſight he ſlinckte, I ſawe his ſhade no more,
But Morpheus bade remember this to write,
And therewithall preſented mee before,
A wight wet dropping from the waters ſhore
In Princely weede, but like a warlike man,
And thus mee thought his ſtory he began.

Humber the king of Hunnes ſhewes how he minding to conquere this land was drowned. &c. He liued about the yeare before Chriſte. 1074.

THough yet no foraine Princes in this place,
Haue come to tell their hapleſſe great miſhap:
Yet giue me leaue a whyle to pleade my caſe,
And ſhewe howe I ſlipt out of Fortunes lap:
Perchaunce ſome others will eſchewe the trap
Wherein I fell, and both themſelues beware,
And alſo ſeeke the leſſe thy countreis care.

I am that Humber king of Hunnes that came
To win this Iſlande, from the Britaynes fell:
Was drownde in Humber where I left my name.
A iuſt reward for him that liude ſo well
At home, and yet thought others to expell,
Both from their Realme and right: O filthy lye
On ſuch ambition carſt as vled I.

But

But I muſt blame repoꝛt, the chiefeſt cauſe
Of my decaye: be ware of raſhe repoꝛt:
Tis wiſedome firſt to take a while ſome pauſe,
Beforꝛe to dint of daungers you reſoꝛt:
Leaſt when you come in haſt to ſcale the foꝛt:
By raſhe aſſault ſome engin, ſhaft, oꝛ fyꝛe
Diſpatcht you quite, oꝛ make you ſoone retyꝛe.

Foꝛ vnto mee the rumoꝛs daily flewe,
That here a noble Ilande might be won:
The king was dead: no warres the people knewe,
And eke themſelues to ſtriue at home begon.
It were (quoth I) a noble acte well don,
To win it then: and there withall did make
Pꝛouiſion good, this famous Ile to take.

A warre like regall campe pꝛouided was,
And ſhipps, and victayle fo my Hunnes and mee:
By ſea to Britayne conqueſt foꝛ to paſſe,
If Gods thereto and heauenly ſtarres agree:
At length wee came to ſhoꝛes of Albany,
And there to fight with Britaynes pitcht our field:
In hope to make them flinche, flye, fall oꝛ yeelde.

They met vs, long wee fearcely faught it out,
And doubtfull was the victours part of twaine,
Till with my Hunnes I ruſht among the route,
And faught, till that king Albanacte was ſlaine.
Then they to yeeld and pardon craue were faine,
And I with triumphes great receiude the pꝛay:
And marched foꝛward, fiefht with ſuch a fray.

I paſt:

I paſt an arme of Sea, that would to God
I neuer had bin halfe ſo bold at furſt:
I made to beate my ſelfe withall a rod,
When ſo within their Realme I venture durſt:
But marke my tale thou heardſt not yet ꝑ woꝛſt.
As ſure as I thought the reſt to circumuent:
By ſpies beforе, they knew my whole intent.

And oꝛ I wiſte, when I was come to lande:
Not farre frō thoꝛe, two Pꝛinces were pꝛeparde,
Their ſcoutes conueyde away my ſhips they fand,
And of my ſhipmens fleſhe they nothing ſparde,
To reſcue which, as backe againe I farde:
The armies twaine were at my heeles behinde
So cloſoe me in, I wiſte no waye to winde.

On th'eaſt Locrinus with an armie great:
By Weſt was Camber with an other bande:
By Noꝛth an arme of Sea the ſhoꝛes did beate,
Which compaſt me and mine within their lande:
No way to ſcape was there, but water fande,
Which I muſt taſte oꝛ els the ſwoꝛde of thoſe,
Which were to mee and mine full deadly foes.

So when I ſawe the beſt of all mine hoſte,
Beate down with bats, ſhot, ſlaine oꝛ foꝛſt to ſwim:
My ſelfe was faine likewiſe to flye the coaſt,
And with the reſt the waters entred in.
A ſimple ſhift foꝛ Pꝛinces to begin:
Yet far I deemde it better ſo to dye,
Then at mine enmies foote an abiecte lye.

But when

But when I thus had swam with hope to scape,
If I might wend the water waues to passe:
The Britaynes that before my ships had gate,
Gan watche mee, where amidst the surge I was:
Than with my boates they rowde to me alas,
And all they cryde kepe Humber kepe their king:
That to our Prince we may the traytour bring.

So with my boates beset poore Humber I
Wiste no refuge: my wery armes did ake:
My breath was short: I had no powre to crie,
Or place to stand whyle I my plaint might make:
The water cold made all my ioyntes to shake:
My hart did beate with sorrow, griefe and paine:
And down my cheekes, salt teares they gusht amaine.

O must thou yelde, and shall thy boates betraye
Thy selfe (quoth I) no mercy Britaynes haue:
O would to God I might escape away:
I wot not yet if pardon I may craue:
Although my deedes deserue no life to haue,
I will: I nill: death: bondage, beast am I
In waters thus, in forraine soyle to dye.

With that I clapt my quauering hands abroade,
And held them vp to heauen, and thus I sayde:
O Gods that know the paines that I haue bode,
And iust reuengment of my rashnes paide,
And of the death of Albanacte betraide
By mee and mine: I yelde my life therefore,
Content to dye, and neuer greeue yee more.

Then

Then ſtraight not opening of my handes, I bowde
My ſelfe, and ſet my head my armes betweene:
And downe I ſprang, with all the force I cowde:
So duckte, that neither head nor foote were ſeene:
And neuer ſawe my foes againe I weene,
There was I drounde: the Britaynes to my fame,
Yet call that arme of Sea by Humbers name.

Take heede by mee, let my preſumption ſerue:
And let my folly, fall, and raſhnes bee,
A glaſſe wherein to ſee if thou do ſwerue,
Thou mayſte thy ſelfe perceiue ſomewhat by mee:
Let neither truſte nor treaſon traine forth thee:
But be content with thine eſtate, ſo ſhall
No wrath of God, procure thy hapleſſe fall.

If thou be forraine, bide within thy ſoyle,
That God hath giuen to thee and thine to holde,
If thou oppreſſion meane be ware the foyle:
Beare not thy ſelfe, of thee or thyne to bolde:
Or of the feates thy elders did of olde,
For God is iuſt, iniuſtice will not thriue:
He plagues the prowde, preſerues the good aliue.

FINIS.

The Authoure.

THen vaniſhte Humber, and no ſooner gon
VVas he but ſtraight in place before me came,
A princely wight, had complet harneſſe on.
Though not ſo complet as they now do frame:
He ſeemde ſometime t'aue bene of worthy fame:
In breſte a ſhafte with bleeding wounde he bare,
And thus he tolde the cauſe of all his care.

Locrinus the eldeſt ſonne of Brutus, declareth his ſlaughter to haue happened for his euill life. He died the yeare before Chriſte.

1064.

IF euer any noble Prince might rue,
His factes are paſte, long ſince the ſame may I:
That would to God it were not farre to true,
Or that I iuſtly could my faultes denie:
The truthe of thinges the ende or tyme doth trie,
As well by me is ſeen: my hapleſſe fall,
Declares whence came my greate miſfortunes all.

I am Locrinus, ſeconde Britayne king:
The eldeſt ſonne of him that founde this lande:
Whoſe death to me my miſchiefes all did bring,
And cauſde why firſt I tooke my death in hande.
Hee chiefly wylde mee when he gaue this lande,
I ſhould be rulde, by all his counſaples will:
And vſe their iudgmentes in my dealings ſtill.

But

But what do I accuse my fathers beste,
What meane I here th'vnfaulty for to blame:
All he commaunded euen was for the beste:
Though in effect of beste the worste became.
So thinges oftetimes well mente vnfitly frame:
So often times the counsayle of your frende,
Apparent good, falles fawlty in the ende.

For as he wisht I vsde his counsayles ayde,
In eache thing that I deemde was good for mee:
I neuer ought that they desirde denayde:
But did to all their mindes and bestes agree.
And Corinæus sawe my harte so free,
By diuers meanes, he sought this match to make:
That to my wife, I might his daughter take.

But I that wiste not then what mariage ment,
Did straight agree his Guendoline to haue:
Yet afterwarde suspecting his intent,
My frendes to me this pointe of counsaile gaue:
That who so doth of Prince aliaunce craue,
He meanes thereby to worke some point of ill,
Or else to frame the Prince vnto his will.

It may well bee he mente no euill at all,
But wyse men alwayes vse to dreade the worste:
And sith it was, the fountaine of my fall:
From whence the spring of all my sorowes burste,
I may well thinke was some of vs accurste,
For why, the ende, doth alwayes proue the farte:
By ende we iudge the meaning of the acte.

I made no haſte, to wed my ſpouſed wyfe:
I wiſte I could as yet without hir hyde:
I had not taſted ioyes of trayned life:
I deemde them fooles by Cupides darte that died:
I Venus vile and all hir force defide:
And liude at reſte, and ruldе my land ſo well,
That men delighted of my facтes to tell.

My brethren eke long weldid well their partes:
We feard no foes, we thought our ſtate would ſtand
We gaue our ſelues to learned ſkilfull artes:
Wherin we either fruite, or pleaſure fand:
And we enioyde ſo fine a fruitfull land,
That few in earth, might with our ſtates compare,
We lyude ſo hoyde of noyſome carke and care.

But ſee the chaunce when leaſt we thought of ill,
When we eſteamde our ſtate to be moſt ſure:
Than came a flawe to hyde all our will,
For ſtraungers far, gan vs to warre procure:
And euen when firſt, they put their pranke in vre,
On Albane ſhores my brother there they ſlewe:
Whoſe death we after made the Hunnes to rue.

When he was dead they hopte to winne the reſte,
And ouer Abi ſtreame with haſte did hie:
But I and eke my brother Camber dreſte,
Our armies ſtraight, and came their force to trie:
We brake their rayes, and forſte their king to flie,
Into the arme of Sea they ouer came:
Where Humber drounde ꝑ waters toke his name.

Wee either slewe or tooke them captives all,
Emongst the which, O mischief great to tell!
The Gods to worke mine ouerthrow and fall
Sent Ladies three, whose beauties did excel:
Of which because I liked one so well,
I tooke her straight, nor she did ought denie:
But eche thing graunted so she might not die.

Thus Humber wee this hatefull hungery king,
In Humber drenchte: and him depriude of pride:
And of his lofte Ladies he did bring,
He loste the praye: and all his men beside.
And we the spoyles of all his boaste deuide,
But I that thought, I had the greatest share:
Had caught the cause of all my wofull care.

They calde this Lady Elstride whom I tooke,
Whose beawty braue did so my wittes confounde:
That for hir sake my promise I forsooke,
Wherby I was to Gwendoline first bounde.
Ne thought no Lady went on earthely grounde
That might allure me, euer chaunge my minde:
So was I caught by snares of Cupide blynde.

Was neuer none before so likte mine eye,
I loude hir more then I could loue my life:
Hir absence still me thought did cause me die:
I surely mente to take hir to my wife.
But see howe beautie breadeth deadly strife,
Lo here began my whole confusion here:
Sprang out the shaft from which this wound I beare.

For Corinæus had no soner heard,
That I did meane his daughter to forsake:
But straight as one, that did nought else regard,
In haste his voyage towardes me did take:
And come, declard what promise I did make,
From which he said if once I sought to slide:
It should by dint of sword, and bloud be tride.

But if I would her take, as erste I sayde,
And not this straunger choose against his minde:
His helpe he promiste at eache time, and ayde
To bee so ready, as I wishte to finde:
He furder sayde my countrey did me bynde,
To take such one as all my subiectes knewe:
Sith straungers to their foes are neuer true.

I wayde his wordes, and thought he wishte me well:
But yet because his stocke should gaine therby,
I reckte them lesse: and yet the truthe to tell,
I durste not dare my promise made denye:
For well I wiste, if once it came to trye:
It would both weaken all this noble lande,
And doubtfull be, who should haue th'vpper hande.

Thus nedes perforce I must his daughter take,
And muste leaue of, to loue where I delighte:
I was constrainde contentid to forsake:
The forme that most did captiuate my sighte,
What lucke had I on such a lotte to lighte:
What meute you Godds that me such Fortune gaue,
To caste my minde on hir I might not haue.

To

To ſhorte my tale, his Guendoline I tooke,
I was content againſt my will: what then?
Nor quite for this, myne Elſtride I forſooke:
For why, I wrought by ſkill of cunning men,
A vaulte along vnder the grounde a denne:
Hir companie wherein I vſed ſtill,
There we accompliſhte, our vnhappy will.

There I begat my Sabrine ſely childe,
That virgine ſmall, myne Elſtride bare to mee:
Thus I my wife full oftentimes beguilde,
Which afterward did beare a ſonne to mee,
Namde Madan: yet we neuer could agree,
And he that was the cauſe, ſhe was my bride:
This whyle hir father Corinæus dide.

Which when I hearde, I had my hartes deſire:
I crau'de no more, there was my ende of griefe.
At leſte I thought to quenche Cupidoes fire,
And eke to worke my luſting loues relefe:
I mente no more to ſteale it like a thiefe:
But maried Elſtride, whom I lou'de as life,
And for her ſake I put away my wife.

Likewiſe I cauſde was Elſtride Queen proclaimed:
And tooke hir as my lawfull wyfe by right,
But Gwendoline that ſawe hir ſelfe diſdained,
Straight fled, and mou'de the Corniſhmen to fight,
To them, when ſhe declarde hir pitious plighte:
In haſte they dreſſe an armye for to bee,
Reuengers of my newe made Queene and mee.

And I likewyse an armie did prepare,
I thoughte to quaile, their courage all by force:
But to my coste I founde to late beware,
There is no strengthe in armoure, man or horse,
Can vayle, if loue on wronged take remorce:
For he on whom, the deadly darte doth lighte,
Can neuer scape: by ransome, frende or slighte.

So when our armies met nighe Stura streame,
The trompettes blewe and I denide the peace:
I minded to expell them all the realme,
Or else to make them euer after cease:
And they except I Ilstride would release,
(They sayde) and take my Gwendoline againe:
They would reuenge the wrong, or else be slayne.

On this wee met, and valiauntly we fought,
On ether syde, and nether parte did yelde:
So equally they fell, it was great doubte,
Which part should haue the better of the fielde:
But I to bolde, rushte in with sworde and sheelde
To breake their rayes, so hasty men get smarte:
An arrow came, and stroke me to the harte.

Then was I brought to Troynouant and there,
My body was enterrid as you reade:
When I had raigned all out twenty yere,
Lo thus I liude, and thus became I deade:
Thus was my crowne depriued from my heade,
And all my pompe, my princely troupe and trayne,
And I to earth, and duste resolude againe.

Nowe

Now warne eſtates, let this for wedlocke ſerue,
Beware of chaunge, it will not holde out long,
For who ſo mindeth from his make to ſwerue:
Shal ſure at lengthe, receiue reuenge for wrong:
Tis foly fight with God, h'is farre to ſtrong:
For though ye colour all, with coate of right:
Yet can no fained farde, deceiue his ſight.

FINIS.

The Authour.

WIth that this king, was vaniſht quite and gone:
And as a miſte, diſſolued into ayre:
And I was left, with Morpheus all alone:
VVho repreſented ſtraight a Lady faire:
Of frendes depriude, and left in deepe diſpaire,
As eke ſhe ſpake, all wet in cordes faſt bounde:
Thus tolde ſhe how, ſhe was in waters drounde.

Elſtride the concubine of Locrinus miſerablye drowned by Gvvendoline his wyfe, declares her preſumption, lewde life and infortunate fall. She ſuffered before Chriſte. 1064.

ANd muſt I needes my ſelfe recite my fall
Poore woman I? muſt I declare my fate?
Muſt I the firſt ſaue three amongſte vs all,
Shew how I thrise, fell from my Princely ſtate?
And from the lofty ſeate on which I ſate?
If needs I muſt, then well content I will:
Leſt here my place in vaine I ſeeme to fill.

I am

I am that Elstride, whom Locrinus lou'de,
A Prince his daughter came from Germaines land:
My fame of beauty many Princes mou'de,
To sue for grace, and fauour at my hand.
Which bruite once blowne abroad in euery land,
One Humber king of Hunnes with all his traine:
To come to mee, a suiter was full faine.

What neede I tell, the giftes to mee he gaue,
Or shew his suite or promise be me plight,
Sith well you know a Prince nede nothing craue:
May nigh commaund ech thing as twere his right.
For as the fowle before the Eagles sight
Euen so we fall, submit and yeld vs still,
At Princes his call, obey saunt to his will.

And for that time the Hunnes full mighty were,
And did increase, by martiall feates of warre:
Therefore our Germaine kings agast did beare,
Them greater fauour then was neede by farre.
My father durst not Humbers best debarre,
Nor I my selfe, I rather was content:
In hope of crowne with Humber to consent.

Two Princely Dames with me came then away,
He bragde to winne these country partes all thrее,
We Ladies rather was this Princes pray:
Because he promist that wee Queenes should bee:
We came to coste these country coasts to see,
Sith he on whom our hope did wholy stande:
Was drownd, namde Humber waters, lost the land.

For

For as you heard before when he ſuppoſde,
He had wonne all becauſe he won a part:
Straight way he was againe thereof depoſde,
Conſtrainde to flye, and ſwim for life poore hart:
Loe here the cauſe, of all my dolefull ſmarte,
This noble king with whom I came to raigne:
Was drencht, and drownde vnto my greuous paine.

Then were his ſouldiers taken, ſlayne or ſpoylde,
And well were they, that could make ſuite for life:
Was neuer ſuch an armye ſooner foylde:
O wofull warre, that flowſte in floude of ſtrife!
And carſt not whom thou cutſte with cruell knife:
Or had not Venus fraught my face with hewe,
I had no longer liu'de, my forme to rewe.

For as I came a captiue with the reſt,
My countenaunce did ſhewe as braue as Sunne:
Ech one that ſawe my native hewe were preſte,
To yelde themſelues by beames of beauty won:
My fame ſtraight blowne to gaze on mee they ron,
And ſaid I paſte eche worldly wight as farre:
As Phœbus bright excelles the morning ſtarre.

Like as you ſee in darkes if light appeare,
Straight way to that ech man directes his eye:
Euen ſo among my captiue mates that were:
When I did ſpeake, or make my plaints with cry,
Then all on me they ſtared by and by:
Bemoning of my fates, and Fortune foe,
As they had bin partakers of my woe.

My

My kourme did praise my plea, my sighes they sued,
My teares entisse their hartes some ruth to take:
My sobbes in sight, a seemely hewe renewde:
My wringing hands, wan suiters shift to make:
My sober southes did cause them for my sake:
Yee to commende, vnto their noble king,
Who wild they should me into presence bring.

Which when I came in cordes as captiue bounde,
O king (quoth I) whose power wee feele to strong:
O worthy wight, whose fame to skyes doth sounde:
Do pitie me, that neuer wisht the wrong:
Release me one thy captines all among:
Which frō my frends, by fraude am brought away,
A Prince his daughter, drounde in deepe decaye.

Now as thou art a Prince thy selfe of might,
And maist do more then I do dare desire:
Let me (O king) finde fauour in thy sight,
Allwage somewhat thy deadly wrath and ire:
No part of manhode tis for to require,
A Ladies death thee neuer did offende,
Sith that thy foe, hath brought her to this ende.

But let mee rather safely be conuayde,
O gracious king, once home before I die:
Or let me on thy Queene be wayting mayde,
If it may please thy royall maiestie:
Or let me raunsome paye, for libertie:
But if thou minde reuenge of vnwrought ill,
Why spare you Britaynes this my corps to kill?

Which

With that the king: good Lady sayde what ist
Thou canst desire or aske, but must obtaine:
Eke would to God with all my hart I wiste,
Best waye to ease thee of thy wofull paine:
But if thou wilt, do here with mee remaine,
If not content, conductours shalt thou haue,
To bring thee home, and what thou els wilt craue.

As for my Queene, as yet I none possesse,
Therefore thou rather maiste vouchsafe to take
That place thy selfe: then waite on her I gesse,
Whose beautie with thy face no match can make:
The Gods denye that I thy beste forsake,
I saue thy life, eke God forbid that I,
Should euer cause so fayre a Ladie die.

O King (quoth I) the Gods preserue thy grace,
The heauens requite thy mercy shewde to mee,
And all the starres, direct thy regall race
In happie course, long length of yeares to see:
The earth with fertile fruites inriche so thee:
That thou maist still like Justice her dispose,
And euer more treade downe thy deadly foes.

The noble king commaunded to vnbinde,
Mine armes, and let mee lewce, and free at will,
And afterward such fauour did I finde
That as his Queene I was at elbowe still:
And I enioyde all pleasures at my fill:
So that they quite had quenched out my thrall,
And I forgate my former Fortunes all.

Thus

Thus lo by fauoure I obtainde my suite,
So had my beauty set his brest on fire,
That I could make Locrinus euen as muite,
Or pleasaunt as my causes did require:
And when I knewe he could no way retire:
I prayde he would his fauour so extende,
As I might not be blamed in the ende.

For if (quoth I) you take me as your owne,
And eke my loue to you haue constant beene:
Then let your loue likewise againe be shownd,
And wed me as you sayd, your spouse and Queene:
If since in mee misliking you haue seene:
Then best depart betime before defame,
Begin to take from Elstrideher good name.

No wauering part (said he) Locrinus beares,
No fayned flatery shall thy faith defate:
Thy beauty, birth, fame, vertue, age and yeares
Constraine me both, thee and thy hestes imbrace:
I must of force, giue thy requestes a place,
For as they do with reason good consent,
Euen so I graunt thee all thy whole intent.

Then was the time appointed and the day,
In which I should be wedded to this king,
But in this case, his counsayle caused a staye,
And sought out meanes at discord vs to bring:
Eke Corinæus claimde a former thing,
A precontract was made and full accorde,
Betweene his daughter, and my soueraigne Lorde.

And ye

And yet the king did giue me comfort still,
He sayd he could not so forsake my loue,
Yet euermore would beare me all good will:
As both my beauty and desertes did moue:
But still the ende doth who is fauty proue,
His counsayle at the last did him constraine
To marry her, vnto my greeuous paine.

At which I could not but with hate repine,
It vexed mee, his mate that should haue beene,
To liue in hate, a Prince his concubine
That euer had such hope to be his Queene.
The steppes of state are full of wo and teene,
For when we thincke we haue attainde the throne:
Then straight our pompe & prize is quite ore throne.

Lo twise I fell from hope of Princely crowne,
First when vnhappy Humber lost his life,
And next I laide my Peacockes prize adowne,
When as I could not be Locrinus wife:
But oft they say the thirde doth ende the strife,
Which I haue proude: therefore the sequele wewe
The thirde payes home, this prouerbe is to true.

This king could not refraine his former minde,
But vsde me still, and I my doubtfull yeares
Did linger on, I knew no shift to finde,
But past the time full oft with mourning teares.
A concubine is neuer voyde of feares,
For if the wyfe her at aduauntage take:
In rage reuenge with death shee seekes to make.

Like.

Likewise I wisse if once I sought to flye,
Or to entreate the king depart I might,
Then would he streight be discontent with mee,
Yea if I were pursued vpon the flight,
Or came deflourde into my parents sight:
I should be taken, kept perforce, or slaine:
Or in my country liue in great disdaine.

In such a plight, what might a woman doe,
Was euer Lady fayre, in such a case?
O wretched wight bewrapt in webbes of woe!
That still in dread wast tost from place to place,
And neuer foundest meane to ende thy race:
But still in doubt of death, in carking care,
Didst liue a life deuoyde of all welfare.

The king perceiuing well my chaunged cheare,
To ease my hart with all deuisde deceats,
By secrete wayes I came deuoyde of feare,
In vaultes, by cunning Masons craftye feats:
Where as wee safely from the Queene her threats,
Perdy the king and I so vsde our arte,
As after turnde vs both to paine and smarte.

By him I had my Sabrine small my childe,
And after that his wife her father losse,
I meane he died and she was straight exilde,
And I made Queene vnto my care and costе:
For she went downe to Cornewal straight in poste,
And caused all her fathers men to ryse,
With all the force, and strength they might deuise.

My king and hirs, with me, gainſt hir prepar'de
An army ſtrong: but when they came to fighte,
Dame Guendoline did war at length to harde:
And of our king vs both depoſed quighte,
For from her campe an arrowe ſharpe did lighte
Upon his breſte, and made him leaue his breath:
Lo thus this king came by vntimely death.

Then I to late, began in vayne to flye,
And taken was preſented to the Queene,
Who me behelde with cruell Tygres eye,
" O Queene (q ſhee) that cauſe of warres haſt bene
" And deadly hate, the like was neuer ſeene:
" Come on for theſe my handes ſhall ridde thy life,
" And take reuengement of our mortall ſtrife.

" I longed long to bring thee to this baye,
" And thou likewyſe haſt ſought to ſucke my bloud.
" Nowe arte thou taken, in my ſpoyles a praye,
" That cauſde my life full long in daunger ſtood:
" I will both teache thy ſelfe, and others good
" To breake the bandes of faithfull wedlocke plight,
" And giue thee that which thou deſeruidſt right.

" O harlot whore, why ſhould I ſtay my handes?
" O painted picture, ſhall thy lookes thee ſaue?
" May bynde hir faſte both hande and foote in bandes,
" And let hir ſome ſtraunge kinde of tormentes haue.
" What ſtrõpet flues, thinkſte for thou ſeemſt braue?
" Or for thy teares, or ſighes, to ſcape my ſight?
" My ſelfe will rather vanquiſhe the by fight.

cc Thou rather shouldst my vitall breath depriue,
cc Then euer scape if none were here but wee,
cc But nowe I will not file my handes to striue,
cc Or else to touch so vile a drabe as thee.
cc Come on at once, and bring hir after mee,
cc With hande and feete as I commaunded bounde:
cc And let me see, hir here as Humber drounde.

A thousand things beside, she spake in rage,
While that a captike did with cordes me binde,
No teares, nor sobbes, nor sighs might ought aswage
The gelous Queene, or molifie hir mynde.
Occasions still hir franticke head did finde,
And when she spake, hir eyes did leame as fire:
Shee lookte as pale as chalke with wrathfull Ire.

Ne stoode she still but with hir handes on syde,
Walkte vp and down, and oft hir palmes she stroke.
cc My husband now (q she) had not thus dyde:
cc If such an harlot, whore he had not tooke,
And therewithall she gaue me such a looke,
cc As made me quake, what lettes (q she) my knife,
cc To ridde this whore my husbandes second wife:
H'is dead, I liue, and shall I saue hir life?

O Queene (quoth I) if pitie none remaine,
But I be slayne or drounde as Humber was:
Then take thy pleasure by my pinching paine,
And let me hence as thou appointist passe:
But take some pity on my childe alasse,
Thou knowste the infante made no fault but thee,
Thats dead and I therfore reuenge on mee.

No

"No baſtardes here ſhall liue to diſpoſſeſſe
"My ſonne (ſhe ſayd) but ſith thou ſoughteſte fame:
"I will prouide for hir a kingdome leſſe,
"Which ſhall hereafter euer haue hir name.
"Thou knowſte wherof the name of Humber came,
"Euen ſo Sabrina, ſhall this ſtreame be calde:
"Sith Sabrine me, as Humber Locrine thralde.

With that my childe was Sabrine brought in ſight,
And when ſhe ſee me take in bandes to lie,
Alaſſe (ſhe cryde) what meanes this pitious plight,
And downe ſhe fell before the Queene with crye,
"O Queene (quoth ſhe) let me more rather die,
"Then ſhe thats giltleſſe ſhould, for why thy king
"Did as his captiue, hir to lewdnes bring.

Which when I ſawe the kindnes of the childe,
It burſt my harth much more then dome of death:
Poore little lambe with countenance how milde:
She pleaded ſtill, and I for wante of breath,
With wofull teares, that laye hir feete beneath
Could not put forth a worde, our liues to ſaue,
Or if therfore I might a kingdome haue.

Hir pitious plaintes, did ſomewhat death withdraw,
For as ſhe long beheld the Queene with teares:
"(Quoth ſhe) let me haue rigour voyde of lawe,
"In whom the ſigne of all thy wrath appeares,
"And let me die my fathers face that beares:
"Sith he is dead, and we are voyde of ſtaye,
"Why ſhould I thee, for life or mercy praye.

« My mother may to Germanie retourne,
« Where she was borne, and if it please thy grace,
« And I may well lye in my fathers tombe,
« If thou wilt graunt his childe so good a place.
« But if thou thinke my bloud is farre to base,
« Although I came by both, of princely line:
« Then let me haue what shroude thou wilt assigne.

With that the Queene replide with milder cheere,
And said the child was wondrous wyse and wittie:
But yet she would not hir reuenge forbeare,
« For why (q she) the prouerbe sayes that pitie,
« Hath lewdly lost full many a noble citie.
« Then Elstride now prepare thy selfe therfore
« To die, take leaue, but talke to me no more.

On this my leaue I tooke, and thus I sayde,
Farewell my countrey, Germany farewell,
Adewe the place from whence I was conueyde,
Farewell my father, and my frendes there dwell:
My Humber drounde, as I shalbe, farewell:
Adew Locrinus dead, for thee I die,
Would God my corps might by thy coffine lie.

Adew my pleasures paste, farewell, adew,
Adew the cares, and sorowes I haue had,
Farewell my frendes that earst for me did sue.
Adew that were, to saue my life full glad:
Farewell the fauning frendes, I lately had,
And thou my beauty cause of death farewell,
As ofte, as harte can thinke, or tonge can tell.

Adew

Adewe you heauens, my mortall eyes ſhall ſee
No more your lightes, and Planetes all farewell,
And chiefly Venus faire that painte dſt mee,
When Mercurie his tale to me did tell:
Eke afterwardes when Mars with vs did dwell,
And now at laſt thou cruell Mars adewe,
Whoſe darte my life, and loue Locrinus ſlewe.

And muſt I nedes departe from thee my childe,
If nedes I muſt, ten thouſand times farewell,
Poore litle lambe, thy frendes are quite erilde:
And much I feare thou ſhalt not long do well,
But if they ſo with boyling rancoure ſwell:
As thee to ſlea, which neuer wroughtſt ill,
Howe can they ſtaye, my ſtaynid corps to kill.

With that my Sabrines ſlender armes imbraſt
Me rounde, and would not let me ſo departe,
"Let me (q ſhe) for hir the waters taſt,
"Or let vs both together ende our ſmarte:
"Yea rather rippe you foorth my tender harte,
What ſhould I liue? but they the childe withdrew,
And mee, into the raging ſtreame they threw.

So in the waters as I ſtriu'de to ſwimme,
And kept my head aboue the waues for breath,
Me thought I ſawe my childe, would venter in.
"Which cryde a mayne, O let me take like death,
The waters ſtraight had drawne me vnderneth,
Where ſtriuing vp at length againe came I,
And ſawe my childe, and cryde farewell I die.

Then as my ſtrength was waſted, down I went,
Eke ſo I plunged twiſe or thrice yet more:
My breath departed neres I muſt relent,
The waters perſt my mouth and eares ſo ſore.
And to the botome with ſuch force me bore,
That life, and breath, and minde, & ſence was gone:
And I as dead, and colde as marble ſtone.

Lo thus you here the race of all my life,
And howe I paſte the pikes of painfull wo,
Howe twiſe I thought to be a Prince his wife:
And twiſe was quite depriu'de myne honour fro:
The third time Queene, and felt foule ouerthro:
Then warne all Ladies, that howe much more hie,
Then their degrees they clime: mo daungers nye.

Bid them beware, leſte bewry them abuſe,
Beware of pryde, for haue a fall it muſt:
And will them Fortunes flattery to refuſe:
Hir turning whele, is voyde of ſtedy truſt:
Who reckes no meane, but leanith all to luſt,
Shall finde my woordes, as true as I them tell:
Then bid beware, in time I wiſhe them well.

FINIS.

VVith

WIth that she flitted in the ayre abrode,
As twere a miste or smooke dissolued quite,
And or I long on this had made abode,
A virgine smale, appearde before my sight,
For colde and wet eke scarsly moue she might,
As from the waters drownd she didering came:
Thus wise hir tale in order did she frame.

Sabrine the base childe of Locrinus, telles how she was pitifully drowned by his wyfe Guendoline, in reuenge of hir fathers adulterye. The yeare before Christe. 1064.

BEhold me Sabrine orphane erste bereste,
Of all my frendes by cruell case of warre:
When as not one to treate for me was left,
But Ielosie did all their powres debarre,
When as my father eke was slayne in warre:
And when my mother euen before my sight,
Was drounde to death, O wretche in wofull plight!

Truste who so will the staffe of hie estate,
And bring me word what stay therby you haue,
For why if Fortune once displeasure take:
She giues ꝑ foyle, though lookes be neuer so braue.
Tis wisedome rather then to winne to saue,
For oft who trustes to get a Prince his trayne:
Would at the length, of beggers life be fayne.

This might the Hunne erſte Humber well haue ſaide,
And this my mother Elſtride proou'de to true,
When as his life by ſtriuing ſtreames was ſtayde:
And when the tyrauntes hir in waters threwe.
What I may ſaye, my ſelfe reporte to you:
Which had more terrour ſhewde, then twice ſuch twayne:
Giue eare, and iudge if I abode no payne.

Firſt when my fathers corps was ſtroken downe,
With deadly ſhafte, I came to mourne and ſee:
And as he laye with bleding breſte in ſowne,
He caſt aſyde his watring eyes on mee.
" Flye flye (he ſayd) thy ſtepdame ſeekes for thee,
" My wofull childe: what flight maiſte thou to take,
" My Sabrine poore, I muſt thee neues forſake.

" See here myne ende, beholde thy fathers fall,
" Flye, flye, thy gelous ſtepdame ſeekes thy life,
" Thy mother eke or this is wrapte in thrall:
" Farewell in woe you cannot ſcape hir knife:
" Farewell my childe, mine Elſtride and my wife,
" Adew (q he) I may no longer byde,
" And euen with that, he gaſpid thryſe and dyed.

What byrde can flye and ſcape, if ſtormes do rage?
What ſhip can ſayle, if once the wyndes reſiſte?
What wight is that, can ſcape of warres aſwage?
Or elſe what warre can bridle Fortunes liſte?
What man is he, that dare an hoaſte reſiſte?
What woman only dare withſtande a fielde?
If not: what childe but muſt to enemies yelde?

My

My fathers ſouldiers fled, away for feare:
As ſoone as once their Captains death they feande:
The Queene proclaimde a pardon euery where:
To thoſe would yelde, and craue it at hir hande,
Excepting ſuch, as did hir ay withſtande:
For ſo the courſe alwayes of pardons goes,
As ſaues the ſouldiour, and entraps the foes.

Then wiſte I flight could nothing me preuayle,
I feard hir pardon would not ſaue my life:
The ſtorme was ſuch, I durſt not beare a ſaile:
I durſt not goe t'intreate my fathers wife,
Although I neuer was the cauſe of ſtrife.
For gelouzie, deuoyde of reaſons raine:
With frenſies fume, enragde hir reſtles braine.

But ſee the chaunce, thus compaſt round with feare
In broyles of bloud, as in the field I ſtande.
I wiſhte to God my corps were any where,
As out of life, or of this hatefull lande:
No ſooner wiſht, but there was euen at hande,
"A perſon vile, in haſt (quoth he) come on,
"Queene Elſtride will before thou come be gon.

The raſcall rude, the rooge, the clubfiſt gript
My litle arme, and plucte me on in haſte:
And with my robes, the bloudy ground he ſweept,
As I drue backe: he halde me on full faſt,
Under his arme my ſclender corps he caſt:
Sith that (quoth he) thou putſt me to this paine,
Thou ſhalt thereby at length but litle gaine.

Thus

Thus through the holts he dare me to my bane,
And shewde the Souldiours what a spoyle he had.
" Loke here (quoth he) the litle Princes cane,
And laught, and ran an brotish butcher mad.
But my lamenting made the souldiours sad,
Yet nought preuailde the captife as his pray:
Without all pitie hale we still away.

Till at the length we came where we discride,
A number huge, of folkes about the Queene:
As when you see some wonder great betide,
Or els ỹ place wher some straūge sight hath beene:
So might you there the people standing seene,
And gazed all when as they see me brought:
Then sure I deemde, I was not come for nought.

And in the preasse, some praisde my comly face,
Some said lo Elstride thee resembleth right:
Some said I loked like my fathers grace,
Some other said it was a piteous sight
I should so die: the Queene me pardon might,
Some said the thiefe me bore did me abuse,
And not so rudely ought a Princes vse.

But what did this redresse my wofull care,
You wot the commons vse such prouerbs still:
And yet the captiues poore no better are,
Ie rather helpes their pained harts to kill:
To pity one in griefe doth worke him ill,
Bemone his woe: and cannot ease his thrall:
It kils his hart, but comforts nought at all.

Thus

Thus past we through the preasse, at length we came,
Into the presence of the gelous Queene,
Who nought at all the Rascall rude did blame
That bare me so: but askte if I had seene
My father slayne, that cause thereof had beene,
O Queene (quoth I) God knowes me innocent:
To worke my fathers death, I neuer ment.

With that, I sawe the people looke aslue,
To weare a mourning voyce I heard thereby,
It was my wofull mother by that cryde.
"Lo Sabrine bounde, at brinke of death I lie.
What pen or tonge, or teares with weeping eye,
Could tell my woes, that sawe my mother bounde,
On waters shore, wherin she should be drounde.

With that I fell before the Queene and prayde
For mercy, but with sterie eyes she bent
Her browes on me: out bastarde vile (she sayd)
"Thou wotst not yet, wherefore for thee I sent,
"O Queene (quoth I) haue pity be content,
And if thou mynde, of mercy ought to show:
Drowne mee, and let my mother harmelesse go.

For why she was a Prince his daughter borne
In Germany, and thence was brought away
Perforce by Humber, who by warres forlorne:
Thy king as captiue tooke her for his pray,
Thou maiste full well her case with reason weye:
What could shee do, what more then she or I,
Thy captiues nowe, thyne owne to line or die?

Take

Take pitie then, on Princely race O Queene:
Take pity, if remorce may ought require:
Take pity, on a captiue thrice hath beene:
Let pity pearce the rage of all thyne ire:
But if thy breast burne with reuenging fire:
Then let my death quenche out that fuming flame,
Sith of thy husbands bloud, and hirs I came.

Much more I said, while teares out streaming wet
But nought of ease at all thereby I gainde,
My mother eke, did as she lay lamente:
Wher with my harte a thousand folde she painde,
And though ỹ Queen my plaints to fauour fainde:
Yet at the last she bade she should prepare,
Hir selfe to die, and ende hir course of care.

Then all hir frendes my mother Elstride namde,
And pleasures paste, and bade them all adue:
Eke as she thus hir last farewell had framde,
With losse of him, from whom hir sorowes grue:
At length to mee (which made my hart to rue)
"She sayd farewell my childe, I feare thy fall:
"Ten thousand times, adewe my Sabrine small.

And as the cruell captiues came to take
Hir vp, to caste and drowne hir in the floud:
I fast myne armes about hir clipt did make,
And cryde, O Queene let mercy meeke thy moode:
Do rather reaue my hart of vitall bloude,
Then thus I liue: with that they slacke my holde,
And drenche my mother, in the waters colde.

Forlone

For loue to ayde her, venter in would I,
That sawe my mother striue aloft for winde,
" To lande thee lookte and saide farewell I dye.
O let me go (quoth I) like fate to finde,
" Said Guendoline come on likewise and binde
" This Sabrine hand and foote: at once let see
" Her here receyue, her whole request of mee.

" Eke as I wyshe to haue in minde her fame,
" As Humbers is, which should her father been
" So shall this flouds of Sabrine haue the name,
" That men thereby may say a righteous Queene,
" Here drownde her husbands childe of concubine.
" Therefore leaue Sabrine here thy name and life,
" Let Sabrine waters ende our mortall strife,

" Dispatch (quoth she) with that they bound me fast,
My slender armes and feete which litle neede:
And sans all mercy mee in waters caste,
Which drewe me down, & cast me vp with speede,
And downe me drencht, the Sabrine fishe to feede,
Where I abode till now: from whence I came,
And there the waters holde as yet my name.

Lo thus this gealous Queene, in raging sort,
With bloudy hate bereft her husbands health:
And eke my mother Elstrids life God wot,
Which neuer ment to hurt this common wealth:
And me Locrinus childe begot by stealth:
Against all reason was it for to kill,
The childe, for that her parents erst did ill.

By this

By this you see, what time our pompe doth bide:
Hereby you see th'vnstedy trust in warre:
Hereby you see, the slaye of states estryde:
Hereby you see, our hope to make doth marre:
Hereby you see, we fall from benche to barre:
From hence (quoth I:) nay from the Princely seate,
You see how soone vs Fortune down doth beate.

And here you see, how lawlesse loue doth thriue:
Hereby you see, how gelous folkes do fare:
Here may you see, with wisedome they that wiue,
Neede neuer recke Cupidoes cursed snare:
Here may you see, deuorcement breedeth care:
Here may you see, the children seldome thee,
Which in vnlawfull wedlocke gotten bee.

Declare thou then our fall, and great mishap:
Declare the hap, and glorie we were in:
Declare howe soone we taken were in trap,
When we supposde we had most safest bin:
Declare what losse they haue that hope to win:
Farewell, and tell when Fortune most doth smile:
Then will she frowne; she laughes but euen a while.

FINIS.

The

The Authour.

WIth that the Lady Sabrine ſlinckt from ſight,
I lookt about, and then me thought againe
Approched ſtraight an other wofull wight:
It ſeemde as though with Dogs he had bin ſlaine,
The bloud from all his members torne amaine
Ran downe: his clothes were alſo torne and rente,
And from his bloudy throte theſe plaintes he ſente.

Madan ſhewes how for his euill life he was ſlaine of wolues, the yeare before Chriſte. 1009.

AMongſt the reſt, that ſate in hauty ſeate,
And felt the fall I pray thee pen for mee:
A Tragedie may ſome ſuch wiſedome geate,
As they may learne, and ſomewhat wiſer bee:
For in my glaſſe when as themſelues they ſee,
They may beware my fall from Fortunes lap,
Shall teach them how, t'eſchew the like miſhap.

I am that Madan once that Britayne king,
Was thirde that euer raigned in this lande,
Marke well therefore my death: as ſtraunge a thing
As ſome would deeme, could ſcarce with reaſon ſtande:
Yet when thou haſt my life well throughly ſcande:
Thou ſhalt perceiue, not halfe ſo ſtraunge as true:
All life: worſe death, doth after ſtill inſue,

For

For when my mother Guendoline had raignde
In my nonage, full xb. yeares she died:
And I but ponge, not well in vertues trainde,
Was left this realme of Britaynes for to guide:
Whereby when once, my minde was puft with pride:
I past for nought, I vsde my lust for lawe:
Of right, or iustice reckte I not a strawe.

No meane I kept, but ruled all by rage:
No boundes of measure, could me compasse in:
Durst none aduenture anger mine t'aswage,
If once to freate and fume I did begin:
And I excelde in nothing els but sinne:
So that welnighe all men did wishe my ende,
Saue such to whom for vice I was a frende.

In pleasures pleasaunt was my whole repaste,
My youth me led deuoyde of compasse quite,
And vices were so rooted in at last:
That to recure the euill it past my might.
For who so doth with will and pleasure fight,
Though all his force do striue them to withstande,
Without good grace they haue the vpper hande.

What licoure first, the earthen pot doth take:
It keepeth still the sauour of that same.
Full hard it is a cramocke straight to make:
Or crooked logges, with wainscot fine to frame:
Tis hard to make the cruell Tiger tame:
And so it fares with those haue vices caught,
Naught once (they saye) and euer after naught.

I speake

I speake not this as though it past all cure,
From vices vile, to vertue to retire:
But this I saye if vice be once in vre,
The more you shall, to quite your selfe require,
The more you plunge your selfe in fulsome myre.
As he that striues in soakte quicke syztes of sande,
Still sinkes scarse neuer comes againe to lande.

The giftes of grace may nature ouercome,
And God may graunt both time and leaue repent:
Yet I did more in laps of lewdnes runne,
And last my time in tyrauntes trade I spent.
But who so doth; with bloudy actes content
His minde, shall sure at last finde like againe:
And feele for pleasures, thousand panges of paine.

For in the midst of those vntrusty toyles,
When as I nothing feard, but all was sure:
With all my traine, I hunting rode for spoyles
Of them, who after did my death procure:
Those lewde delightes did boldly me allure,
To folow still and to pursue the chase:
At last I came into a deserte place.

Besette with hilles, and monstrous rockes of stone,
My company behinde, me lost, or stayde:
The place was eke with hauty trees ouergrowne
So wilde, and wyeld it made me half afrayde,
And straight I was w rauening wolues betrayde:
Came out of caues, and dennes, & rockes amaine,
There was I rent in pieces, kilde and slaine.

Alas that youth (in vayne) so vyly spente,
Should euer cause a king to haue such ende:
Alas that euer I should here lament,
Or else should teache vnto my cost my frende:
Alas that fortune such mishap should sende:
But sithe it is to late for me to crie,
I wishe that others may take heede herebye.

I might full well by wisdome shund this snare,
Tis sayde a wiseman all mishap withstandes.
For though by starres we borne to mischieues are:
Yet prudence bayles vs quite from carefull bandes,
Eche man (they say) his fate hath in his handes,
And what he makes, or marres to lese, or saue
Of good, or euill, is euen selfe do, selfe haue.

As here thou seest by me, that led my dayes
In vicious sorte, for greedy wolues a praye:
Warne others wysely, than to guide their wayes
By mine example, wel eschue they may,
Such vices as may worke their own decay:
Which if they do, full well is spent the time
To warne, to wyte, and eke to reade this rime.

FINIS.

VVhen

WHen this was ſaid, no more was Madan ſeene,
(If it were he) but ſure I half ſuſpecte
It was ſome other elſe, ſo ſeru'de had bene,
For that all ſtories do not ſo detecte
His death, or elſe I did perhaps neglecte
His tale, bicauſe that diuers ſtories brought,
Such fancies of his death into my thought.

Therefore although it be not as ſome write
Here pende by me, and yet as others haue:
Let it not greeue thee reade that I recite,
And take what counſaile of good life he gaue:
I truſt I may, (that dreame) ſome pardon craue,
For if the reſte, no dreames but ſtories pen:
Can I for that they wryte be blamed then?

No ſure, I thinke the readers will not giue
Such captious dome, as Momus erſte did vſe,
Though Zoilus impes as yet do carping liue:
And all good willing writers much miſuſe.
Occaſion biddes me ſome ſuch beaſtes accuſe,
Yet for their bawling hurtes me not I nill:
But with my purpoſe, on procede I will.

Next after that, came one in princely raye
A worthy wight but yonge, yet felt the fall:
It ſeemde he had bene at ſome warlike fraye,
His breſte was woundid wide and bloudy all:
And as to mynde he muſde his factes to call,
Depe ſighes he fet, made all his limmes to ſhake:
At length theſe wordes, or like to me he ſpake.

Manlius declares how hee minding to kill his brother for the kingdome, was by him slayne. The yeare before Christe. 1008.

IF Fortune were so firme as she is fraile,
Or glosing glorie, were still permanent:
If no mishap our doings did assaile,
Or that our acts & factes were innocent,
If we in hope no hurt nor hatred ment:
Or dealing ay were done with dutie dewe,
We neuer could, our great misfortunes rewe.

If pompe were payne, and pride were not in price,
Or hawty seate had not the highest place,
If we could learne by others to be wise,
Or else eschew the daungers of our race:
If once we could the golden meane embrace,
Or banishe quite ambition from our breste:
We neuer nede to recke, or reape vnreste.

But O we thinke, such sweetenes in renowne,
We deeme on earth, is all the greatest hap:
We nothing feare, the hurte of falling downe:
Or litle rome, in Lady Fortunes lap,
We giue no heede, before we get the clap:
And then to late, we wish we had bene wise:
When from the fall, we would and cannot rise.

As it

As if two twinnes, or children at the teate
Of Nurce, or mother both at once might be:
And both did striue, the better dugge to geate
Till one were downe, and slipt beside hir knee:
Euen so it fares, by others and by me
In Fortunes lap: we haue so litle holde,
She cannot staye, both striuing if she would.

I am that Manlius, one of Madans sonnes,
Whith thought to raigne and rule this noble Ile,
And would so done: but see what chaūce ther comes,
When brethren loue, and frendship quite exile.
Who thinkes an other of his right beguyle,
Him selfe is soonest cleane bereaude of all:
In steade of rule, we reape the crop of thrall.

My elder brother then Mempricius hight,
Whose hauty minde, and mine did euer square:
We euermore as foes hight other spite,
And deadly Ire in hatefull hartes we bare.
He sought alwayes he might to worke me care,
And each regarded others enuy so:
As after turnid both to painfull wo.

Because my father lou'de me well therfore,
My brother feared I should haue his right:
Likewise on fauour boldned I me bore,
And nether had in vertues wayes delite:
What neede I here our inward grieues recite:
We not as brethren liu'de in hatrid still,
And sought occasion other each to kill.

I for because I might obtaine the crowne:
And he for that he feared my fauoure, bred.
Such frendship, as might alwayes kepe him downe,
And both depriue him of his crowne and head.
But when it chaunst, our father once was dead,
Then straight appeared all our enuy playne:
And I could not from mine attempt refraine.

See here, th'occasion of my hapleſſe happe,
See here, his chaunce that might haue liu'de ful wel:
So baited swete is euery deadly trappe:
In brauiſſe bowres, doth deepeſt daunger dwell,
I thought mine elder from his right t'expell,
Though he both age, and cuſtome forth did bring,
For title right: I sayd I would be king.

Some wisht we should, depart the realme in two,
And sayde my father eke was of that mynde:
But nether of vs both, that so would do,
We were not eche to other half so kinde,
And vile ambition made vs both so blinde:
We thought our raigne, could not be sure and good,
Except the ground therof were layde with bloud.

Wherefore as eache did watch conuenient time,
For to commit this hayuous bloudy facte:
My selfe was taken not accuſde of crime,
As if I had offended any acte.
But he as one that witte and reason lackte,
Sayde traytour vile thou art to me vntrue:
And therwithall his bloudy blade he drewe.

Not

Not like a king, but like a cutthrote fell:
Not like a brother, like a butcher brute:
Though ewere no worse, then I deserued well:
He gaue no time, to reason or dispute.
To late it was, to make for life my suite:
Take traytoure here (q he) thy whole deserte,
And therwithall he thrust me to the harte.

Thus was I by my brutishe brother slayne:
Which likewyse ment my brother for to kill,
This oftentimes, they vse to get and gayne,
Which do inuente anothers bloud to spill.
Was neuer man pretendid such an ill,
But God to him like measure shortly sent:
As he to others erste before had ment.

Iniustice euer thriues, as theues doe thie:
And bloudthirste cries for vengeaunce at his hande,
Which all our rightes and wronges doth dayly see:
The good to ayde, and graceles to withstande:
If either vice or vertue wee abande:
We either are rewarded, as we serue:
Or else are plaged, as our deedes deserue.

Let this my warning then suffise eche sorte;
Bid them beware, example here they see:
It passeth playe, tis tragicall disporte,
To clime a step aboue their owne degree,
For though they thinke good fortune seru'de not me,
Yet did she vse me, as she vide the reste:
And so I thinke, she seruith euen the beste.

FINIS.

The Authoure.

WHen Manlius had thus endid quite his tale,
He vaniſhte out of ſight as did the reſte:
And I perceiued ſtraight a perſone pale,
VVhoſe throte was torne and blodied all his breſte,
cc Shall I (q he) for audience make requeſte,
cc No ſure it nedes not, ſtraunge it ſemes to thee:
cc VVhat he that beares this rentid corps ſhould bee.

cc VVherefore I deeme thou canſt not chuſe but bide,
cc And here my tale as others erſte before:
cc Sith by ſo ſtraunge a meanes thou ſeeſt I dyde,
cc VVith rentid throte and breſte, thou muſt more:
cc Marke well (q he) my ratling voyce therefore,
And therwithall, this tale he gan to tell,
VVhich I recite, though nothing nere ſo well.

Mempricius giuen all to luſte, pleaſure and the ſinne of Sodomie: telles how he was deuoured with VVolues.

The yeare before Chriſte,
989.

IT Is often ſayd a man ſhould do likewyſe
To other, as he would to him they did:
Do as thou wouldſte be done to, ſaith the wyſe,
And do as conſcience, and as iuſtice bid.
But he that myndes for rule another tyd,
Muſt not his handes with cruell bloud diſtayne:
For bloud doth alwayes cry for bloud agayne.

The

Eke luſtfull life that ſleepes in ſinkes of ſinne
Procures a plague, fy fy on Venus vyle
We litle wot the miſchiefe is therein,
When we with poyſons ſweete our ſelues beguile:
The pleaſures paſſe, the ioyes indure but while,
And nought therby at all we get or gaine:
But dreadfull death, and euerlaſting paine.

Wee thinks thou lookiſt for to haue my name,
And muſiſt what I am that thus do com:
I would or this haue tolde it but for ſhame,
Wherefore to giue example yet to ſom:
I will no longer fayne my ſelfe ſo dom,
But ſith I muſt as others tell their fall:
Take here my name, my life, my death and all.

I am Mempricius, Madans eldeſt ſonne,
Once king of Britayne that my brother ſlewe:
Wherby the crowne, and kingdome all I won,
And after noriſht vices moe that grewe.
Not natures lawes, nor Gods, nor mans I knewe,
But liu'de in luſt not recking any thing:
I deemde was nought vnlawfull for a king.

For when I had, my brother brought on beare,
I thought in reſt to keepe this kingdome long,
And I was voyde of doubt, I had no feare:
Was none durſt checke me, did I right or wrong:
I liu'de at larde, and thought my powre ſo ſtrong:
There could no man preuaile againſt my will,
In ſteede of lawe that vſed rigor ſtill.

So after

So ofter that I felle to slouthfull ease,
A vice that breedes a number more besyde:
I waxt so testie none durst me displease
And eke so pust with glory vaine and pride.
My sencelesse sence as ship without a guide,
Was tost with euery fancye of my braine:
Like Phœbus chariot, vnder Phaetons raine.

I deemde them foes that me good counsaile gaue,
And those my chiefest frends could glose and lye:
I hated them that were so sage and graue,
And those I lou'de were lusty, lewde and slye:
I did the wisest wittes as fooles defye:
Such sots, knaues, ruffians, roisters I embraste:
As were vnwise, vnhonest, rude, vnchaste.

I lusted eke as lothsome lechers vse,
My subiects wiues and daughters at my will
I did so often as me pleasde abuse,
Perforce I kept them at my pleasure still.
Thus gat I queanes, and concubines at till:
And for their sakes I put away my wyfe:
Such was my lewdnes, lust, and lawlesse life.

But shame forbids me for to tell the rest,
It me abhorres to shew what did insue:
And yet because it moueth in my brest,
Compunction still and was God wot to true:
I will declare whence my destruction grue:
To Sodomes sinne alas I fell and than,
I was despised, both of God and man.

Could

Could I long prosper thus, do you suppose?
Might ought of euill exceede these vices told?
Thinke you thers any wight on ground that goes,
Might scape reuenge, of vice so manifold?
No sure, who is in sinfulnes so bolde,
His vices fare like weedes, they sproute so fast:
They kill the corps, as weedes the corne at last.

My great outrage, my heedelesse head, the life
I beastly led, could not continue soe,
My brothers bloud, my leauing of my wife:
And working of my kendes and subiects woe,
Cride still to God for my fowle ouerthroe: (ease,
Which heares ꝑ wrongd, he heedes their carefull
And at the length doth all their foes deface.

Yet I mistrusting no mishaps at hand,
(Though I were worthy twenty times to dye)
I lewdly liu'de, and did my wealth withstande:
I neuer thought my ende was halfe so nye.
For my disport I rode on hunting I,
In woodes the fearefull hart I chased fast:
Till quite I lost my company at last.

And or I wist, to cost I founde my foes,
By chaunce I came, wher as the wolues they bred.
Which in a moment did me rounde inclose:
And mounted at my horse his throte, and head.
Some on his binder parts their paunch es fed,
Yet fought I still to scape, if it might bee:
Till they my fainted horse, pulde downe with mee.

Then

Then was I hopeleſſe to eſcape their iawes,
They faſtned all their holders faſt on mee:
And on my royall robes they ſet their clawes,
My Princely preſence, nor my highe degree,
Hou'de them no more obeyſaunt for to bee,
Nor of my corps, to take no more remorce:
Then did the greeuous groning of my horſe.

But rauenouſly they rent, my breaſt and throte,
Forſoke my ſleeue, came all at once and tare
My tender corps, from which they fleyde my coate.
And of my fleſhe they made at all no ſpare:
They neuer left me till my bones were bare.
Lo thus I flewe my brother, left my wife,
Liu'de vilely, and as vilely ended life.

Beware of bloudy broyles, beware of wrong:
Embrace the counſaile of the wiſe and ſage.
Truſt not to powre, though it be nere ſo ſtrong:
Beware of raſhnes rude and roiſters rage.
Eſchew vile Venus toyes, ſhe cuttes of age,
And learne this leſſon of (and teath) thy frende:
By pocks, death ſodaine, begging, harlots ende.

FINIS.

The

ON this me thought he vaniſht quite away,
And I was left with Morpheus all alone:
VVhom I deſirde theſe gryzely ghoſtes to ſtay,
Till I had ſpace to heare them one by one.
And euen with that was Somnus ſeruaunt gone,
VVhereby I ſlept and toke mine eaſe that night,
And in the morning roſe their tale to wrighte.

Nowe (Reader) if you thinke I miſte my marke,
In any thing whilere but ſtories tolde:
You muſt conſider that a ſimple clarke,
Hath not ſuch ſkill theffect of things t'vnfolde,
But may with eaſe of wiſer be controlde:
Eke who ſo writes as much the like as this,
May hap be deemde likewyſe as much to miſſe.

VVherefore if theſe may not content your minde,
As eche man cannot fauour all mens vaines:
I pray you yet let me this frendſhip finde,
Giue your good will, I craue nought els for paines.
VVhich if you grutch me, as to great a gaines:
Then is my loue to you, and labour loſt,
And you may learne take heede, with greater coſt.

But now me thinkes I heare the carpers tell,
Saith one, the writer wanted wordes to fill:
The next reprou'd the verſe not couched well:
The third declares, where lackte a point of ſkill:
Some others ſay they like the meeter ill.
But what of this? ſhall theſe diſmay mee quite?
No ſure, I will not ceaſe for ſuch to write.

For

The Authour.

For with more eaſe, in other workes they finde
A fault, then take vpon them ſelues to pen
So much, and eke content eche readers minde:
How ſhould my verſe craue all their likings then?
Sith ſondry are the ſects of diuers men:
I muſt endeuour only thoſe to pleaſe,
VVhich like that comes, ſo it be for their eaſe.

The reſt I recke as they blame worthy bee,
For if the words I wrote for good intent:
Take other ſence then they receiu'de of mee,
Be turnde to worſe, torne, reached rack tor rent
Or hackt and hewde, not conſtret as I ment:
The blame is theirs, which with my workes ſo mell:
Leſſe faulty he, that wiſht his country well.

If ſome be pleaſde and eaſde, I leaſe no toyle,
At carpers gyrdle hanges not all the keyes:
VVhat price gaines he, that giues him fall or foyle,
VVhich neuer wan by wraſtling any prayſe,
I haue not ſpent in poetrye my dayes,
Some other workes in proaſe I printed haue:
And more I write for which I ley ſure ſaue.

And for mine age not thirty yeares hath paſt,
No ſtyle ſo rype can yonger yeares attaine.
For of them all, but only ten the laſt,
To learne the tongues, and write I toke the paine,
If I thereby receiued any gaine,
By Frenche or Latine chiefely which I choſe,
Theſe fiue yeares paſt by writing I diſcloſe.

Of which.

Of which, the firſt two yeares I Grammer taught:
The other twaine, I Hulœts worke enlargde:
The laſt tranſlated Aldus phraſes fraught
VVith eloquence, and toke of Terence charge
At Printers hande, to adde the flowers at large
VVhich wanted there, in Vdalles worke before:
And wrote this booke with other diuers more.

Then pardon whats amiſſe, a while giue eare,
So ſhall you heare the reſt that I recite,
Deſcribing next what Princes did appeare:
VVhen I had ended theſe are paſt to wrighte.
In ſlomber as I chaunſt to lye one night,
VVas Somnus preſt, whom I deſyrde to ſende
His Morpheus ayde, theſe Tragedies to ende.

VVherewith he graunted my requeſt and calde
For Morpheus ſtraight: which knew wherto he came
I will (qᵖ he) the reſt, vvhom Fortune thralde
Of Britaynes ſhewe: thy ſelfe to heare them frame.
And therewithall he fet forth one like Fame.
In fethers all vvith vvinges ſo finely dight,
As twere a birde, in humaine ſhape of flight.

Yet twas not Fame that femme of painted plume,
He rather ſeemed Icarus deceau'de,
VVith vvinges to flye nighe Phœbus did preſume.
At length in deede I plainly well perceau'de,
It vvas ſome king of vitall breath bereau'de,
From flight he fell preſuming farre to hye:
Giue eare take heede and learne not ſo to flye.

Bladud

Bladud recyteth how he practyzing by curious artes to flye, fell and brake his necke. The yeare before Christe. 844.

Shall I rehearse, likewyse my name?
And eke a place amongst them fill,
Which at their endes to mischiefe came?
Sith Morpheus bids me so, I will.

And that because I see thee minde,
To wzite my stozie fate and fall,
Such curious heads it reade and finde:
May flee to flye, and shunne my thzall.

If daunger teach them liue take heede:
If leesers harme, make lookers wyse:
If warines, do saftie bzeede,
Oz wzacke make saylers, shelues dispise.

Then may my hurt, giue sample sure:
My losse of life may lokers learne:
My warning may beware pzocure,
To such as daunger scarce discerne.

I am that Bladud Bzitaine king,
Rudhudebras his eldest sonne,
Did learning first to England bzing:
And other wonders mozе were done.

Nowe

Now giue me eare, and after wryte:
Marke well my life, example take:
Eschue the euill that I recite,
And of my death a myrrour make.

In youth I gaue my minde to loze,
For I in learning tooke repaste:
No earthly pleasure likte me moze,
I went to Athens at the last.

A towne in Greece, whose fame went foorth
Through all the world hir name was spred:
I counted knowledge so much woorth,
Hir only loue to Greece me led.

There first of all the artes of seuen,
Wherein before I had small skill:
I Grammer gate declares the steuen,
By rule to speake, and wryte at will.

Next after that in Rhetorike fine,
Which teacheth how the talke to fyle:
I gate some knowledge in short time,
And coulde perswade within a whyle.

I thirdly learned Logicke well,
An arte that teacheth to dispute:
To aunswere wisely or refell,
Distinguishe, proue, disproue, confute.

Then after that, of number, I
The ſkilfull arte likewyſe attainde:
Wherin of Mathematickes lie,
Full many pointes I after gainde.

And Muſicke milde I lernde that telles,
Tune, tyme, and meaſure of the ſong:
A ſcience ſwete the reſte excelles,
For melody hir notes among.

But ſixtly I the dame of artes,
Geometrie of great engine
Employde, with all hir ſkilfull partes:
Therby ſome greater giftes to winne.

So laſte I lernde Aſtronomie,
A lofty arte that paſte them all:
To knowe by motions of the ſkye,
And fixed ſtarres, what chaunce might fall.

This pleaſaunt arte allured me,
To many fonde inuentions then:
For iudgements of Aſtrologie,
Delites the mindes of wiſeſt men.

So doth the arte Phiſiognomie,
Dependes on iudgment of the face:
And that of Metopoſcopie,
Which of the forehead telles the grace.

And

And Chiromancie by the hande,
Coniecures of the inward minde:
Eke Geomancie by the lande,
Doth diuers many farlies finde.

Augurium eke was vsde of olde
By byrdes of future things presagde:
And many thinges therby they tolde,
Were skilfull, learned, wyse and agde.

But Magicke for it, seemid sweete,
And full of wonders made me muse:
For many feates I thought it meete,
And pleasaunt for a Prince to vse.

Three kindes there are, for natures skill,
The first they Naturall do name:
In which by herbes and stones they will,
Worke wonders thinges, are worthy fame.

The next is Mathematicall,
Where Magike workes by nature so:
That brasen heads make speake it shall,
Of woode birdes, bodies flye, and go.

The thirde Venefical by right,
Is named for by it they make:
The shapes of bodies chaunge in sight,
Another formes on them to take.

What neue I tell what Theurgie is,
Or Necromancie you despise:
A diuelishe arte, the feendes by this,
Seeme calde, and coniurde to arise.

Of these too much I learned then,
By those such secrete artes profest:
For of the wise and skilfull men,
Whome Fame had praisde I gate the best.

They promist for to teach me so,
The secretes of dame natures skill:
That I neue neuer taste of woe,
But alwayes might forsee it still.

Wherfore enflamed with their loue,
I brought away the best I could:
From Greece to Britayne lande to proue,
What feates for me deuise they would.

Of which were foure Philosophers,
For passing skill excelde the rest:
Phisitions and Astronomers,
In Athens all they were the best.

My father harde of my retourne,
Of my successe in learning there:
And how the Grecians did adourne,
My wittes with artes that worthy were.

He

He herde likewyſe what ſtore I brought,
Of learned Greekes from Atticke ſoyle:
And of my laboure learning ſought,
With ſtudy, trauayle, payne and toyle.

Likewyſe heard he buylded here,
Three townes while abſent thence was I:
By South he founded VVincheſter,
By Eaſt he built Cantorbury.

By Weſt full highe he built the laſt,
On hill from waters deepe belowe:
Calde Shafteſbury on rockes full faſt,
It ſtandes and giue to Seas a showe.

Theſe cauſde we both might well reioyce
He for because I gate ſuch fame:
And I, for that by all mennes voyce,
His factes deſeru'de immortall name.

What nedes much talke, the peres and all
The commons eke with one aſſent:
Extold my name eſpeciall,
Which had my youth in learning ſpent.

I was receau'de with triumphes great,
With pageauntes in eache towne I paſt:
And at the court my princely ſeate,
Was by my fathers ioyned faſt.

The nobles then deſir'de to haue,
On me their children wayte and tende:
And royall giftes with them me gaue,
As might their powres therto extende.

But here began my cauſe of care,
As all delightes at length haue ende:
Be mixte with woes our pleaſures are,
Amidſte my ioyes, I loſt a frende.

My father, nyne and twenty yeares,
This time had raigned & held the crowne:
As by your Chronicles appeares,
When fates, on vs began to frowne.

For euen amidſte his moſt of ioye,
As youth, and ſtrength and honours faye:
Sore ſickenes did him long anoye,
At laſte, of life an ende it made.

Then was I choſe king of this laude,
And had the crowne as had the reſt:
I bare the ſcepter in my hande,
And ſworde that all our foes oppreſt.

Eke for becauſe the Greekes did vſe,
We well in Grece at Athens late:
I had thoſe foure I brought to chuſe,
A place that I might dedicate.

To a

To all the Muſes and their artes,
To learnings vſe for euermore:
Which when they ſought in diuers partes,
At laſt they found a place therfore.

Amidſt the realme it lies welnighe,
As they by art and ſkill did proue:
An healthfull place not lowe nor highe,
An holſome ſoyle for their behoue.

With water ſtreames, & ſpringes for welles:
And medowes ſweete, and valeyes grene:
And woods, groaues, quarries, al thing elſe
For ſtudentes weale, or pleaſure bene.

When they reported this to me,
They prayde my grace that I would builde,
Them there an Vniuerſitie,
The fruites of learning for to yelde.

I buylte the ſcholes, like Attikes then,
And gaue them landes to maintayne thoſe:
Which were accounted learned men,
And could the grounded of artes diſcloſe.

The towne is called Stamford yet,
There ſtande the walles vntill this daye:
Foundations eke of ſcholes I ſet,
Vide yet (not maintainde) in decaye.

Whereby the lande receauid store,
Of learned clarkes long after that:
But nowe giue eare I tell thee more,
And then my fall, and great mishap.

Because that time Apollo was,
Surmisde the God that gaue vs wit:
I builte his temple braue did passe,
At Troynouant the place is yet.

Some saye I made the bathes at Bathe:
And made therefore two tunnes of brasse:
And other twayne seuen salles that haue
In them, but these be made of glasse

With sulphur siue, and other things,
Wylde fire, saltgem, salte peter eke:
Salte armoniake, salte Alchime,
Salte commune, and salte Arabecke.

Salte niter mixid with the rest,
In these fowre tunnes by portions right:
Fowre welles to laye them in were dreste,
Wherin they boyle, both daye and night.

The water springes them round about,
Doth ryse for aye and boyleth stil:
The tunnes within and eke without,
Do all the welles with vapours fill.

So that

So that the heate and clenſing powre,
Of Sulphur and of ſalts and fyre:
Doth make the bathes eche pointed houre,
To helpe the ſickly health deſyre.

Theſe bathes to ſoften ſinewes haue,
Great vertue and to ſcoure the ſkin:
From Morphew white, and black to ſaue,
The bodies faint, are bathde therein.

For Lepry, Scabs, and ſores are olde,
For Scurfes, and Botch, and Humors fall:
The bathes haue vertues manyfolde,
If God giue grace to cure them all.

The toyntes are ſwelde, and hardned milte:
And hardned liuer, paiſeis paine,
The Pore and Itche, if worke thou wilt,
By helpe of God it heales againe.

Shall I renege I made them then?
Shall I denye my cunning founde?
By helpe I had of learned men,
Thoſe worthy welles in gratefull grounde?

I will do ſo: for God gaue grace,
Whereby I knew what nature wrought:
And lent me lore to finde the place,
By wiſedome where thoſe welles I ſought.

Which

Which once confeſt to bere my harme,
Eſche we the like if thou be wyſe:
Let neuer will thy wits becharme,
Or make the chaunge of kinde deuiſe.

For if the fiſhe would learne to goe,
And leaue to ſwim againſt his vze:
When he were quite the waters fro,
He could not ſwim you may be ſure.

Or if the beaſt would learne to flie,
That had no plumes by nature lent:
And get him wynges as earſt did I,
Would not thinke you it him repent?

Though Magike Mathematicall,
Make wooden birdes to flye and ſoare:
Eke brazen heads that ſpeake they ſhall,
And promiſe many maruelles moze.

Yet ſith it ſwarues from Natures will,
As much as theſe that I recite:
Refuſe the londnes of ſuch ſkill,
Doth ay with death the prouſe requite.

I deemde I could moze ſoner frame,
My ſelfe to flye then birdes of wood:
And ment to get eternall fame,
Which I eſteemde the greateſt good.

Aveckes

I vecke my selfe with plumes and wynges,
As here thou seest in skilfull wise:
And many equall poysing thinges,
To ayde my flight, to fall or rise.

Thou thinkste an arte that seldome byde,
In hand I tooke, and so it was:
But we no daunger then refusde,
So we might bring our feates to passe.

By practise at the length I could,
Gainst stoze of wynde with ease arise:
And then which way to light I should,
And mount, and turne I did deuise.

Which learned but not perfectly,
Before I had therof the sleight:
I flew aloft but downe fell I.
For want of skill againe to light.

Upon the temple earst I built,
To God Apollo, downe I fell:
In fiters byoisde for such a guilt,
A iust reuenge requited well.

For what should I presume so highe,
Against the course of nature quite
To take me wynges and saye to flye,
A foole no fowle in feathers dight.

As lear-

As learning founds and cunning finds,
To such haue wit the same to vse:
So she confounds, and marres the minds,
Of those her secrets seeme t'abuse.

Well then deserts requirde my fall,
Presumption proude, deprau'de my breath:
Renowne bereft my life and all,
Desire of prayse, procurde my death:

Do let allureing arts alone,
They pleasaunt seeme yet are they vayne:
Amongst an hundreth scarce is one,
Doth ought thereby but labour gayne.

Their cunning castes are crafty cares,
Deuices vayne deuisde by men:
Such witched wiles are Sathans snares,
To traine in fooles, despise them then.

Their wisdome is but wily wit,
Their sagenes is but subtiltie:
Darke dreames deuisde for fooles are fit,
And such as practise pampestry.

Thou seest my fall and eke the cause,
Unwisely I good giftes abusde:
Lo here the hurt of learned lawes,
If they be wrested or misusde.

Then:

Then wypte my ſtoꝛy with the reſt,
May pleaſure when it comes to bewe:
Take beeve of counſayles all is beſt,
Beware, take beeve farewell adieu.

Farewell, will ſtudents keepe in minde,
ὀυκ αρετᾳ κακὰ ἔργαι
Elſ may they chaunce like fate to finde,
Foꝛ why, τοῖς κακοῖς τρὶς κάκα.
τελος.

The Authour.

WHen Bladud thus had ended quite his tale,
And tolde his life as you haue heard before:
He toke his flight and then a Lady pale,
Appeard in ſight, beraide with bloudy gore:
In hande a knife of ſanguine dye ſhe bore:
And in her breſte a wounde was pearced wyde,
So freſhly bledde, as if but than ſhe dyde.

She ſtaide a while, her coulour came and went,
And doubtful was that would haue tolde hir paine:
In woſull ſort ſhe ſeemed to lament,
And could not vvel her tongue from talke refraine.
For vvhy her griefes vnfolde ſhe vvould right faine:
Yet baſhfull vvas: at length an ende to make,
Hir Morpheus wild, and then thus wyſe ſhe ſpake.

Cordile

Cordila ſhewes how by deſpaire when ſhe was in pꝛiſon ſhe ſlue her ſelf.

The yeare before Chriſt. 800.

IF any woſull wight haue cauſe, to waile her woe:
Oꝛ griefes are paſt oꝛ pꝛicke vs pꝛinces tel our fal:
My ſelfe likewyſe muſt needes cõſtrained eke do ſo,
And ſhew my like miſſoꝛtunes & miſhaps withall.
Should I keepe cloſe my beauy haps and thꝛall:
Then did I wꝛong: I wꝛongde my ſelfe and thee,
Which of my facts, a witnes true maiſt bee.

A woman yet muſt bluſhe when baſhfull is the caſe,
Though truth bid tell the tale and ſtoꝛy as it fell:
But ſith that I miſlike not audience, time, noꝛ place,
Therfoꝛe I cannot ſtill keepe in my counſaile well:
No greater eaſe of hart then griefes to tell,
It dauncth all the dolours of our minde,
Our carefull hartes therby great comfoꝛt finde.

Foꝛ why to tell that may recounted be againe,
And tell it as our cares may compaſſe eaſe:
That is the ſalue and medcine of our paine,
Which cureth toꝛſies all and ſoꝛes of our diſeaſe:
It doth our pinching panges, and paines apeaſe:
It pleades the part of an aſſured frende,
And telles the trade, like vices to amende.

Therefoꝛe

Therfore if I more willing be to tell my fall,
And shew mishaps to ease my burdened brest and minde:
That others haply may auoide and shunne like thrall,
And thereby in distresse more ayde and comfort finde.
They may keepe measure where as I declinde,
And willing be to flye like bruite and blame:
As I to tell, or thou to wryte the same.

For sith I see thee prest to heare that wilt recorde,
What I Cordila tell to ease my inward smart:
I will recite my storie tragicall ech worde,
To thee that giu'st an eare to heare and ready art,
And lest I set the horse behinde the cart,
I minde to tell eche thing in order so,
As thou maiste see and shewe whence sprang my wo.

My grandsyre Bladud highte, that found the Bathes by skill,
A fethered king that practisde for to flye and soare:
Whereby he felt the fall God wot against his will,
And neuer went, roade, raigude nor spake, nor slew no more.
Who dead his sonne my father Leire therefore,
Was chosen king, by right apparent heyre,
Which after built the towne of Leircestere.

He had three daughters, first and eldest highte Gonerell:
Next after hir, my sister Ragan was begote:
The third and last was, I the yongest namde Cordell,
And of vs all, our father Leire in age did dote.
So minding hir that lou'de him best to note,
Because he had no sonne t'enioye his laude:
He thought to giue, where fauoure most he fande,

What

What though I youngest were, yet men me iudgde moze wise
Then either Gonorell, oz Ragan had moze age,
And fairer farre: wherefoze my sisters did despise
My grace, and gifes, and sought my prayse t'aswage:
But yet though vice gainst vertue die with rage,
It cannot keepe her vnderneth to drowne,
But still she flittes aboue, and reapes renowne.

Yet natheless, my father did me not millike:
But age so simple is, and easy to subdue:
As childhode weake, thats voide of wit and reason quite:
They thinke thers nought, you flatter fainde, but all is true:
Once olde and twyse a childe, tis said with you,
Which I affirme by proofe, that was desinde:
In age my father had a childishe minde.

He thought to wed vs vnto nobles three, oz Peres:
And vnto them and theirs, deuide and pare the lande:
Foz both my sisters first he sent as first their yeares
Requirde their mindes, and loue, and fauour t'vnderstand.
(Quoth he) all doubtes of duty to abande,
I must assaye and eke your frendships proue:
Now tell me eche how much you do me loue.

Which when they answered, they lou'de him well and moze
Then they themselues did loue, oz any worldly wight:
He prayse them and sayd he would agayne therefoze,
The louing kindnes they deserv'de in fine requite:
So founde my sisters fauour in his sight,
By flattery fayre they won their fathers hart:
Which after turned, him and mee to smart.

But

But not content with this he minded me to proue,
For why he wonted was to loue me wonders wel:
How much dost thou (q he) Cordile thy father loue
I wil (sayd I) at once my loue declare and tell:
I lou'de you euer as my father well,
No otherwyse, if more to know you crane:
We loue you chiefly for the goodes you haue.

Thus much I said, the more their flattery to detect
But he me aunswered therunto again with Ire,
Because thou dost thy fathers aged yeare neglect,
That lou'de ꝑ more of late thē thy deserts require,
Thou neuer shalt, to any part aspire
Of this my realme, emong thy sisters twayne,
But euer shalt vndotid ay remayne.

Then to the king of Albany for wife he gaue
My sister Gonerell, the eldest of vs all:
And eke my sister Ragan for Hinnine to haue,
Which then was Prince of Camber & Cornwall:
These after him should haue his kingdome all
Betwene them both, he gaue it franke and free:
But nought at all, he gaue of dowry mee.

At last it chaunst ꝑ king of Fraūce to here my fame,
My beuty braue, was blazed al abrode eche where:
And eke my vertues praisde me to my fathers blame
Did for my sisters flattery me lesse fauour beare.
Which when this worthy king my wrongs did heare,
He sent ambassage likte me more then life,
T'intreate he might me haue to be his wife.

My father was content with all his harte, and sayde,
He gladly should obtaine his whole request at will
Concerning me, if nothing I therin denayde:
But yet he kept by their intisment hatred still,
(Quoth he) your prince his pleasure to fulfill,
I graunt and giue my daughter as you craue:
But nought of me for dowry can she haue.

King Aganippus well agreed to take me so,
Hee deemde that vertue was of dowries all the best:
And I contentid was to Fraunce my father fro
For to depart, & hoapte t'enioye some greater rest.
I maried was, and then my ioyes encreaste,
A gate more fauoure in this Prince his sight,
Then euer Princesse of a princely wight.

But while þ I these ioyes enioyd, at home in Fraũce,
My father Leire in Britayne waxed aged olde,
My sisters yet them selues the more aloft t'aduaũce,
Thought well they might, be by his leaue, or sans so bolde;
To take the realme and rule it as they wolde.
They rose as rebels voyde of reason quite,
And they depriu'de him of his crowne and right.

Then they agreed, it should be into partes equall
Deuided: and my father threscore knightes & squires
Should alwayes haue, attending on him still at call.
But in sixe monthes so much encreasid hateful Ires,
That Gonerell denyde all his desires,
So halfe his garde she and her husband reste:
And scarce alowde the other halfe they leste.

Eke

Eke as in Scotlande thus he lay lamenting fates,
When as his daughter so, sought all his vtter spoyle:
The meaner vpstart gentles, thought them selues his mates
And betters eke, see here an aged Prince his foyle.
Then was he fayne for succoure his, to toyle.
With all his knightes, to Cornewall there to lye:
In greatest neede, his Ragans loue to trie.

And when he came to Cornwall, Ragan then with ioye,
Receiued him and eke hir husband did the like:
There he abode a yeare and liu'de without anoy,
But then they tooke, all his retinue from him quite
Saue only ten, and shewde him daply spite,
Which he bewailde complaining durst not striue,
Though in disdayne they last alowde but fiue.

On this he deemde him selfe, was far that time vnwyse,
When from his daughter Gonerell to Ragan hee:
Departed erste yet eache did him poore king despise,
Wherfore to Scotlande once againe with hir to bee
And bide he went: but beastly cruell shee,
Bereau'de him of his seruauntes all saue one,
Bad him content him selfe with that or none.

Eke at what time he askte of eache to haue his garde,
To garde his grace where so he walkte or wente:
They calde him doting foole and all his bestes debarde,
Demaunded if with life he could not be contente.
Then he to late his rigour did repente,
Gainst me and sayde, Cordila nowe adieu:
I finde the wordes thou toldste mee to to true.

And to be ſhort, to Fraunce he came alone to mee,
And tolde me how my ſiſters him our father vſde:
Then I beſought my king with teares vpō my knee,
That he would aide my father thus by them miſuſde
Who nought at all my humble beſte refuſde:
But ſent to euery coaſte of Frauuce for ayde,
Wherwith my father home might be conueide.

The ſoldiours gathered from eche quarter of ꝑ land,
Came at the length to know the king his mind & wil:
Who did commit them to my fathers aged hand,
And I likewiſe of loue and reuerent mere goodwill
Deſirde my king, he would not take it ill,
If I departed for a ſpace withall:
To take a parte, or eaſe my fathers thrall.

This had: I partid with my father from my fere,
We came to Britayne with our royal campe to fight:
And manly fought ſo long our enmies vāquiſht were
By martial feates, & force by ſubiects ſword & might.
The Britiſhe kinges were faine to yelde our right,
And ſo my father well this realme did guide,
Three yeares in peace and after that he dide.

Then I at Leirceſter in Ianus temple made,
His tombe and buried there his kingly regall corſe,
As ſondry tymes in life before he often bade:
For of our fathers will we then did greatly force,
We had of conſcience eke ſo much remorce,
That we ſuppoſde thoſe childrens liues to ill:
Which brake their fathers teſtament, and will.

And

And I was Queene the kingdome after ſtil to holde,
Till fiue yeares paſt I did this Iland guyde:
I had the Britaynes at what becke and bay I woulde,
Till that my louing king mine Aganippus dyde.
But then my ſeate it faltered on eache ſyde,
Two churliſhe Impes began with me to Iarre,
And for my crowne wagde with mee mortall warre.

The one highte Morgan th'elder ſonne of Gonerell
My ſiſter, and that other Conidagus highte
My ſiſter Ragans ſonne, that lou'de me neuer well:
Both nephewes mine, yet would againſt mee Cordell fight
Becauſe I lou'de always that ſemed right:
Therefore they hated mee, and did purſue,
Their aunte and Queene as ſhe had bene a Iewe.

This Morgane was that time the Prince of Albany,
And Conidagus king of Cornewale and of VVales:
Both which, at once prouided their artillery,
To worke me wofull wo, and mine adherentes bales:
What neede I fill thyne eares with longer tales?
They did preuayle by might and powre ſo faſt
That I was taken priſoner at laſt.

In ſpitefull ſorte, they vſed then my captiue corſe,
No fauour ſhewde to me, extincte was mine eſtate.
Of kinred, princeſſe blood, or pere was no remorce,
But as an abiecte vile and worſe they did me hate,
To lie in darkſome dongeon was my fate:
As t'were a theefe mine aunſwers to abide,
Gainſt right and iuſtice, vnder Iaylours guyde.

For libertie at length I suid, to subiectes were:
But they kept me in prison close deuoyde of truste,
If I might once escape, they were in dreade and feare,
Their fawning frendes with me would proue vntrue & iuste:
They told me take it patiently I must,
And be contented that I had my life:
Sith with their mothers I began the strife.

Wherby I sawe might nothing me preuaile to pray,
Or pleade, or proue, defende, excuse or pardon craue,
They herde me not, despise my plaintes, sought myne decay.
I might no law, nor loue, nor right, nor iustice haue:
No frendes, no faith, nor pitie could me saue:
But I was from all hope of licence barde,
Condemde my cause like neuer to be herde.

Was euer lady in such wofull wreckfull wo:
Depriu'de of princely powre, bereft of libertie,
Depriu'de in all these worldly pompes, hir pleasures fro,
And brought from wealth, to neede distresse, and misery:
From palace proude, in prison poore to lye:
From kingdomes twayne, to dungion one no more:
From Ladies wayting, vnto vermine store.

From light to darke, from bosom ayre to lothsom smell:
From odowr swete, to sweate: from ease, to grieuous payne:
Frõ light of princely wightes, to place where theues do dwell:
From deinty beddes of downe, to be of strawe full fayne:
From bowres of heauenly hewe, to dennes of dayne:
From greatest haps, that worldly wightes atchieue:
To more distresse then any wretche aliue.

When

When firſt I left the crowne of Fraunce, did me exalte,
And eke my noble king, myne Aganippus true:
And came to England for their heynous factes, and faulte:
Which from his right and kingdom quite our father threw,
To take this realme, to raigne and treaſon knew:
I thinke of all myſſortunes was the worſte,
Or elſe I deeme, was ſome of vs accurſte.

For marke my hapleſſe fall that drawes at length to ende,
As in this priſon vile, on liue I lingering laye:
When I had mourned long, but founde no faithfull frende
That could me helpe, or ayde, or comforte any way,
Was ſeru'de at meate, as thoſe their kings betray,
With fare God wot was ſimple, bare and thinne,
Could not ſuſtayne the corps it entred in.

And when the ſighes, & teares, & plaintes nigh burſt my hart,
And place, and ſtenche and fare nighe poyſond euery poze:
For lacke of frendes to tell my teas of giltleſſe ſmarte,
And that mine eyes had ſworne to take ſweete ſlepe no more,
I was content ſith cares oppreſt me ſore,
To leaue my foode, take mourning plaintes & crie,
And lay me downe, let griefe and nature trie.

Thus as I pyning lay my carkas on couch of ſtraw
And felt þ payne erſt neuer creature earthly knew:
Me thought by night a grezely ghoſt in darkes I ſawe,
Eke neren ſtill to me with ſtealing ſteps ſhe drewe.
She was of colour pale, a deadly hewe:
Hir clothes reſembled thouſand kindes of thrall,
And pictures playne, of haſtened deathes withall.

I musing lay in paynes and wondred what she was,
Mine eye stode still, mine haire rose vp for feare an end.
My flesh it shoke and trembled: yet I cryde alasse,
What wight art thou, a foe or else what fawning frende?
If death thou art, I pray thee make an ende:
But th'arte not death: art thou some fury sente?
My wofull corps with paynes to more tormente?

With that she spake: I am (q she) thy frend Despaire
Which in distresse eache worldly wight with spede do ayde:
I rid them from their foes, if I to them repayre,
To long from thee by other captiues was I stayde.
Now if thou arte to die no whit affrayde,
Here shalt thou choose of instrumentes, beholde:
Shall ridde thy restlesse life, of this be bolde.

And therewithall she spred her garmentes lap alyde,
Vnder the which a thousand thinges I sawe with eyes:
Both knyues, sharpe swordes, poynadoes all bedyde
With bloud, and poysons prest which she could well deuise.
There is no hope (q she) for thee to ryse,
And get thy crowne or libertie againe:
But for to liue, long lasting pining payne.

Loe here (q she) the blade that Did' of Carthage highte,
Whereby she was from thousand panges of paine let passe:
With this thee slewe her selfe, after Aeneas flighte:
When he to sea from Tyrian shores departed was,
Do chouse of these thou seest from woes to passe,
Or bid the ende prolong thy painefull dayes,
And I am pleasde from thee to get my wayes.

With

With that was I (poore wretche) content to take the knife,
But doubtfull yet to dye, and fearfull faine would bide:
So still I laye in study with my selfe at bate and strife,
What thing were best of both these deepe extreames untride.
My hope all reasons of dispayre denide,
And she againe replide to proue it best
To die, for still in like my woes increasst.

She calde to minde, the ioyes in Fraunce I whilom had:
She tolde me what a troupe of Ladies was my trayne,
And how the Lordes of Fraunce & Britaynes both were glad,
Of late to wayte on mee and subiects all were fayne.
She tould I had bin Queene of kingdomes twayne,
And how my nephewes had my seate and crowne:
I could not ryse, for euer fallen downe.

A thousand thinges, beside recited then dispaire:
She tould the woes in warres, that I had heapt of late:
Rehearst the prison vile, in steede of Pallace faire:
My lodging low and mouldy meates my mouth did hate,
She shewde me all the dongeon where I sate,
The dankeishe walles, the darkes and bad me smell:
And bide the sauour if I likt it well.

Whereby I wretch deuoyde of comfort quite and hope,
And pleasures past compard with present paynes I had:
For fatall knife slipt forth my fearfull hand did grope,
Dispaire in this to ayde my senceleste limmes was glad,
And gaue the blade to ende my woes she bad.
I will (quoth I) but first with all my hart:
Ile pray to Gods, reuenge my wofull smart.

If any

If any wrong deserue the wrecke I praye you skyes,
And starres of light, if you my wofull plight do rue:
O Phœbus cleare I thee beseech and praye likewyse,
Beare witnes of my plaints well knowne to Gods are true.
You see from whence these iniuries they grue,
Then let like vengeaunce hap and light on those:
Which vndeserued were my deadly foes.

God graunt a mortall strife betwene them both may fall,
That one the other may without remorse distroye:
That Conidagus may, his cosin Morgan thrall,
Because he first decreast my wealth, bereft my ioye.
I praye you Gods be neuer be a Roy.
But caitife may be payde with such a frende:
As shortly may him bring, to sodayne ende.

Farewell my Realme of Fraunce, farewell Adieu:
Adieu mes nobles tous, and England now farewell:
Farewell Madames my Ladies, car ie suis pardu:
Il me fault aler desespoir m' adonne conseil
De me tuer, no more pour Queene farewell.
My nephewes mee oppresse with maine and might,
A captiue poore, gainst iustice all and right.

And therewithal the sight did faile my dazeling eyne,
I nothing sawe saue sole Dispayre bad mee dispatch,
Whom I beheld, she raught the knife from me I weene,
And by hir elbowe earian death for me did watch.
Come on (quoth I) thou hast a goodly catch.
And therewithall Dispayre the stroke did strike:
Whereby I dyde, a damned creature like.

Which

Which I alasse lament, bid those alive beware,
Let not the lesse of gooves or honour them constrayne,
To play the fooles, and take such carefull carke and care,
Or to dispaire for any pyson pine and payne.
If they be giltlesse let them so remayne,
Farre greater folly is it for to kill,
Themselues dispayring, then is any ill.

Sith first thereby their enmies haue, that they desire:
By which they proue to deadly foes vnwares a frende:
And next they cannot liue, to former blisse t'aspyre
If God do bring their foes in time to sodayne ende:
They lastly as the damned wretches sende,
Their soules to hell, when as they vndertake
To kill a corps: which God did liuely make.

FINIS.

The

The Authour.

NOw when this desperate Queene had ended thus
Hir tale, and told what hapleſſe grace ſhe had:
As of hir talke ſome pointes I did diſcuſſe,
In ſlomber faln I waxed wondrous ſad,
Hir nephewes dealings were me thought to bad:
VVhich greu'de me much, but Morpheus bad let bee,
And therwithall preſented one to mee.

Of ſtature tall a worthy princely wight,
In countenaunce he ſeemde yet mourning ſtill:
His complet harneſſe not ſo braue in ſight,
Nor ſure as ours, made now adayes by skill:
But clampt together, ioynts but ioyned ill:
Vnfit, vnhandſome, heauy, houge, and plaine,
Vnweldy wearing, ratling like a chaine.

VVherthrough he had receu'de a deadly ſtroake,
By ſworde, or other inſtrument of warre,
And downe his thighes the bloud by ſithes did ſoake
VVhich I perceiued as he came a farre.
Now ſith (quoth he) to heare you preſent are:
I will declare my name, life, factes and fall-
And therewith thus he gan to tell it all,

Morgan telles how he waging warre with his coſin Conidagus was ſlaine at the place yet called Glamorgan, The yeare before Chriſt. 766.

I wot

I Wot not well what reasons I may vse,
To quyte my selfe from blame, blame worthy I:
Wherfore I must perforce my selfe accuse,
I am in fault I can it not denye.
Remorse of conscience, pickes my hart so nye,
And me tormentes with panges of pinching paine:
I can no longer, me from speach refraine.

I am that Morgan sonne of Gonerell,
Th'ungratefull daughter, of her father Leire:
Which from his kingdome did him once expell,
As by the Brityshe storyes may appeare.
Ragan, and shee conspir'de both sisters were,
But were subdude againe, and cause to yeld
Their fathers crowne, Cordila wan the field.

I neede not here the storyes all recite,
It were to long but yet I briefly shall,
The cause Cordila ought hir sisters spite,
Was they procurde hir, and their fathers thrall:
Yet t'was hir chaunce at length t'out liue them al,
Both sisters elder, and hir father graue:
And eke at length the kingdome all to haue.

That tyme was I of Albany the king,
Calde Scotland now and eke my cosin then
Of Cornewall and of VVales, whom I did bring
To warre against Cordila and her men.
Wee said we would our title winne agen:
And that because our mothers had it yore,
Wee ment to get it ours againe therefore.

I must

I muſt confeſſe I was the cauſe of warre,
I was not pleaſde with that was lotted mee:
Euen ſo our mindes Ambitious often ar,
And blinded that we cannot reaſon ſee.
Wee thinke no men, but Gods on earth we bee,
Yet worſe are wee then beaſtes, which knowe their kinde:
For we haue nought but miſchiefe oft in minde.

We thinke if ſo we may our willes attaine:
By right, or wrong, by might or malice wee
Could neuer liue, like Fortune for to gaine.
Or if on foes, we once reuenged bee:
If that our ennemies fall, we chaunce to ſee,
O then we ioy we lift our ſelues to ſkye,
And on the poore, we crucifige crye.

I deemde if once, I might put her adowne:
The kingdomes all, were Conidags and mine,
And I could eaſly after winne the crowne:
If alſo I, his ſtate might vndermine.
I thought in deede to haue it all in fine,
By force, or fraude I ment my purpoſe bring
To paſſe, I might be after Britayne king.

To ſpeake in few, we waged warre ſo long,
Gainſt hir, at laſt we put hir vnto flight,
Wee Nephewes for our Aunt were farre to ſtrong.
Purſude and toke, depriu'de her of hir right.
Wee thought it ours what ſo we wanne by might,
Eke ſo play tyrants, traytours all do watch,
To get by ſpoyle, and count their own they catch.

Not ſo.

Not ſo contented were we with the pray,
But fearing leſt ſhe ſhould recouer ayde:
I ſent in haſt to priſon her away,
And all recourſe of meſſengers denayde.
Thus when ſhe ſawe hir Maieſtie decayde,
And that hir griefes and ſorrowes daily grue:
In priſon at the length hir ſelfe ſhe ſlue.

O caytife vile ſhould I conſtrainde a Queene
That Iuſtice ment, hir kingdome to forſake,
Nay traytour I, as nowe by proofe is ſeene
That would my ſelf by bloudſhed ruler make.
Howe could reuenge on me but vengeaunce take,
Before the ſeate of God, hir bloud did call:
For vengeaunce, and at length procurde my fall.

Lo here Gods iuſtice, ſee my treaſon ſee:
Beholde, and ſee to raigne was my deſight,
And marke, and make a mirrour here of mee,
Which afterward was ſeru'de by iuſtice right.
Wee wan the crowne, betweene vs both in fight:
And then becauſe I was the elder ſonne,
Of th'elder Queene I claimed all we wonne.

So were my dealings nought, in peace and warre.
But for my force, and fortunes vſe in fight,
I paſt that time the Britaynes all by farre.
I was of perſon fortitude and might,
Both comely, tall, ſtrong, ſeemely eke in ſight,
Whereby I wonne mens fauour, glory, wealth:
And puft with pride, at length forgate my ſelfe.

I ſayde

I said it was my right, the crowne to haue,
But Conidagus stoutly it denide:
Wherefore I went to VVales my right to craue,
With all mine army and to haue it tryde.
Where long we fought it stoutly on eche syde,
Till at the last vnto my wofull paine:
I was depriu'de of kingdome quite, and slaine.

And for to keepe in memory for aye,
That there vnfaithfull Morgan lost his life,
The place is cald Glamorgan to this daye.
There was I perst to death with fatall knife,
There was the ende of all my hatefull strife:
So Morgan where he thought to winne the crowne,
Was at Glamorgan traytour stricken downe.

Thus maist thou tell, how proude ambition moues,
What hap haue tyraunts, what we traitours haue:
What ende he hath, that cruell dealing loues:
What subiects get the Diademe do craue,
Tis better then to winne: thine owne to saue,
For so oreth wartly trade of Fortune goes:
When win thou would'st, then art thou sure to lose.

FINIS.

The

With that Morgan
The night me thought like
VVhereby it wer
But Morpheus bad me bide and
(q he) the stories passe awaye as fast,
As doth the tyme, and sith th'art nigh th'ende:
Thou nedste not grutche, so
And turning then, him selfe from
He calde the next which therwithall in sight,
Appeard and all his breste with bloud bedide,
VVhat chaunce (q I) hath
Thou worthy prince, or what
I will (q he) with all
My fatall fall, and therwithall he

Forrex declares howe hee minding to kill his brother which ruled with him (that he might therby raigne alone) was by him slain. About the yeare before Christe, 491.

PRide moues the mindes, of stately wightes
Such hauty hartes to haue,
And causeth vs for glory vayne,
That is not ours to craue.

Pryde pluckes out reason forth hir place,
And plaunted will in sleede:
She puffes our mindes with vayne desires,
Our fancies fonde to feede.
Wherby we growe so obstinate,
And so ambitious ill:
That vs at length our bravery bids,
In all things vse our will.
Ambition thinkes that lawefull is,
Which likes hir fancie best:
And demes she ought to haue hir forth,
And swinge before the rest.

She loues no mates, controlment shee
And warning doth despise:
She demes her selfe in all hir deedes,
And actions wonders wise.

She hath desire of this and that,
To get by crouche or clawe:
By right or wrong she forceth not,
She vseth will for lawe.

No kinde, or country she regardes,
No mother, father shee:
Nor wyfe, or husbande, kithe or kin:
But enmies eche degree.

For

For if thy hart Ambition haue,
Thy greedy mynde to fill:
Thou wilt not sticke thy dearest frende,
Or nerest kin to kill.

But as the prouerbe sayes that Pryde,
Must needes at length haue falle:
Though we suppose of strength and powre,
We haue the deuill and all.

Euen so I saye Ambition makes,
Vs often clime so hie:
At length we fall, we come to nought,
And drowne in darkenes lye.

This may I Forrex well auouche,
By proufe to true I finde:
Wherefore I praye thee with the reste,
Do put my faultes in mynde.

My father olde hight Gorboduge,
Raignde threе score yeares and three:
And at his death gaue all his lande,
Twene Porrex proude and mee.

Fiue yeares we helde vs in peace,
In reste we ruled well:
But at the laste by pryde and wrath,
We fonde at discorde fell.

We eache encrochte on others partes,
For rule we liu'de at strife:
And eache did seeke occasion eye,
To reaue the others life.

I made this counte I elder was
By birth the realme was myne:
By warre, or wrong or bloud I shunde,
To haue it all in fine.

And he although he yonger were,
Esteemde his state so sure
As mine: and thought this if he
My death might once procure.

My mother eke that lou'de me more,
Although he yonger was:
By diuers meanes did bring me still
To bring my feates to passe.

Wherby I thought my selfe solace,
To haue my purpose speed,
As I requirde: if once I might
Get of his crafty head.

See here what faith where reigneth,
What loue what fauour wee:
Do shewe to any wight at all
If once aloft we bee.

To fathers, we are faithlesse ofte:
To brothers, butchers vile:
Of sisters small accounte we make,
And wedded wyues exile.

If any kithe, or kin, we haue,
By whom we vantage may:
We care not by what cruell meanes,
Their liues we take away.

But for to get the seate alone,
And for to wynne the crowne:
We care not whom, nor when, nor how:
So we may get them downe.

O brutish beasts! nay worse then those,
For they are still content:
With that they haue, what euer them
Hath God or Nature sent.

But we do gape, and gaze for glore:
We prowle, and powle, and pill,
And sweare, & stare, and striue, & fight,
And one another kill.

And all for pompe, and glorie great,
For name, renowne, estate:
Not caring of the commons crye,
Or Gods eternall hate.

If I had had, the giftes of grace,
I neuer would haue sought:
By any meanes such worldly trashe,
With brothers bloud to bought.

But as I ment euen so I sped,
So bloudy butchers thye:
When moste I deemde my purpose sure,
He was to good for me.

For as I thought his bloud to shed,
I compast was about,
So that for thousand kingdomes, I
Could not with life scape out.

He pearst my hart, what skilles it sith,
My minde was euen as bad:
For why what measure I him mente,
My selfe like measure had.

And so all such, as murder meane,
Intende, or treason bleu:
Shall at the length, like ende receyue,
Or worse they cannot chuse.

FINIS.

WHen as king Forrex thus had tolde his tale,
Me thought he ſtayde no whit but went his way.
Then came a mangled corps as full of bale,
And or he nerer came made half a ſtay.
(q Morpheus) come for ſhame thou nedſte not ſtay,
As bad as thou haue tolde their tales before,
And ſo muſt thou and diuers other more.

Porrex recites howe for the ſlaughter of his brother, he was ſlaine by his owne mother and hir maydens, as he laye ſleeping. About the yeare before Chriſte. 491.

FRom darkeſome dennes, where cruel Cayne, Geneſ. 4
And other like do lye:
Whoſe bloudie blades were bathde in bloud,
Poore captiue thence come I.

Where Typhon his brother ſlewe, Annius
Oſiris in deſpite:
And where their ſiſter Iſis is,
Did him againe requite.

Where Dardanus to rule alone, Virgil.
His brother made away: in culi.
Etheocles, Polinices,
At once did others ſley.

Where Helenus king Priams son:
His brother Theon kilde.
Medea eke in bloudy wyse:
Hir brothers bloud that spilde.

Where Tydeus is in hunting shote
His brother through the side
Polytes eke his brothers harte
With sworde that opened wyde.

And where as that Cambyses is,
His sister once that slewe.
And Polipontes king that mayde,
His brother treason rewe.

And cruell where Odores is,
Which mercy did deny:
To Mithridate his brother deare,
That did for pardon crie.

Eke where Learchus is that did,
His brother sicke destroy:
With poyson deadly hoping so,
To make him selfe a Roy.

And where that wretche Mamertes lies,
His brothers sonnes that spilte.
And Sisapho tormenting him,
For such an heynous gilte.

Where

Where Rhesus and Caduidus are, Plutarch.
With shaftes their brethren slewe, Laert.
And Philadelphus Ptolomæ, Volater.
His brothers death did brewe.

Where Philopater Ptolomæ, Volater.
His father made away:
And after that his brother with
His dearest frendes did slay.

And where Ardieus tyraunt vile, Plato. 10.
His aged father stroyde, de rep.
And after that his elder brother
kingdomes to enioyde.

Where Mithridates beastly king, Cælius.
Of Pontus seeles anoye:
Which mother his and brother eke,
Sixe children did destroye.

Where is Antiochus the great, Volater.
His brother brought to graue:
That he might onely raigne alone,
And all the kingdome haue.

Where Romulus that Remus slew, Liuius.
Of Romaines first had fall: Lucan.
Though louing brother first he were, Ouid.
Presumde to scale the wall.

And

Flores Hiſtor. And where Mempricius lewde doth lye,
A Britayne Prince that liue,
His brother Manlius fearing leſt,
He were to him vntrue.

Saluſt. Where Iurgurtheke that batterde is,
His brethren brought to graue:
That after them Numidia,
He might for kingdome haue.

And where a thouſande are beſide,
Which were to long to tell:
Their parentes deare and brethren liue,
And now in darkenes dwell.

From thence I came a Britayne poze,
Namde Porrex once a king
Againe: to ſhewe what vices mee,
To ſodaine death did bring.

Now lift a while and then do write,
What I thee tell: that others may,
Themſelues in ſuch attempts as theſe,
From bloudy acts, as brethren ſtay.

My brother Porrex ſide yeares ſpace,
And I this kingdome helde:
Betweene vs both the common weale,
We ſcace did wiſely welde.

At length

At length we fondly fell at strife,
So Princes bide no mate,
Nor make, nor partners, with to raigne
But beare their equals hate.

The heire because I youngest was,
Thought his by right the crowne:
But I esteemde the halfe was mine,
And all if he were downe.

Whereby O brothell, butcher eke:
Not brother I did slay:
My brother for to haue it all,
And get his right away.

Such are the acts of heedlesse youthes,
Such are their studies still:
Which care not what offence they make,
So they their fancies fill.

But as it is iniustice, and
An haynous acte to vse:
Such murder, slaughter, parricide
And iustice all refuse.

So I oue the iust at length requites,
Our deedes: and makes vs weue,
Wee euer were to shonne all ill,
Or natures, lesles vntrue.

For when

For when I deemde the crowne was mine:
Which had my brother slayne,
O griefe to tell my mother, and
Hir maydens wrought my payne.

Both for my fault, and for she lou'de,
My brother Forrex still:
With all hir maydes she came by nighe,
My sleeping corps to kill.

And I that slombring sleeping lay,
Though many dreames foretolde,
My hapelesse fall: could neuer wake,
The meaning to vnfolde.

But last supposing with my selfe,
I cruell Tigres sawe,
With rauening fearcenes, rent their yonge
Against dame Natures lawe.

She came on me to fill my dreame,
Before my eyes could wake,
And with a dagger reft my life
For Forrex slaughters sake.

Much like Agaue and his mates,
Shee and hir maydens gote
Them tooles therefore, and hewde my corse,
As small as flesshe to pot.

Virgil in Culice.

Or Progne Queene hir children slue,
and hewde their members small:
In wrathfull ire made Tereus feede,
and fil himselfe withall. Ouid. 6. Metamor.

Or like Medea monster Queene,
hir Iasons sonnes that killed: Virgil. 8. Aegl.
Because she was forsaken when,
his purpose was fulfilde.

Like these was shee may worse, for why,
This ended Brutus lyne:
Brought me to ende and hir to shame,
though first the fault were mine.

A Bid those beware that weene to winne,
by bloudy acts the crowne:
Lest from the height they feele the fall,
of cruelty surquye downe.

For if when they suppose themselues,
aloft to touch the skie,
There chaunce a storme there is no holde,
to staye themselues so hie.

But faster farre, more swiftely they,
and with more swinge descende:
Then euer erst they could with all,
their force to clime contende:
Do bid them then in all their deedes,
marke well the finall ende.

Finis.

The

The Authour.

NExt after Porrex came an other such,
Had all his body quite in peeces rent:
A desperate man, his life bewayling much.
VVhich for he seemed sorely to lament,
I was the rather him to heare content:
That I might also note his story here,
From like attempts of vices you to feare.

Kimarus shewes howe for his euill life he was deuoured by wylde beastes, the yeare before Christ.

NO place commends the man, vnworthy mayst:
No title of estate, doth saue by vices fall:
No wicked wight, to woe can make delayes:
No lofty lookes preserues the proude at all:
No bragges or boaste, no stature high and tall:
No lofty youth, no swearing, staring stoute:
No brauery, banding, cogging, cutting out.

Then what auayles, to haue a princely place:
A name of honour, or an highe degree:
To come by kinred, of a noble race:
Except we princely, worthy, noble bee:
The fruite declares the goodnes of the tree.
Do bragge no more, of birth or linage than:
Saith vertue, grace, and maners make the man.

Finis.

My selfe might bragge and first of all begin,
Mulmutius made and constituted lawes:
And Belinus and Brenne his sonnes did win,
Such prayse their names to be immortall cause.
Gurgunstus Redbeard with his sober sawes,
The sonne of Beline and my grandsyres grandes
Was fortunate what ere he toke in hande.

His sonne my grandsyre Guintheline did passe,
For vertues prayse, and Martia was his wyfe,
A noble Queene that wyse and learned was,
And gaue hir selfe to studie all hir life,
Deuising lawes, diricst the endes of strife,
Among the Britaynes, to hir endles Fame:
Hir statutes had of Martian lawes the name.

My father eke was sober, sage and wise,
Cicilius highte king Guintheline his sonne,
Of noble Princes then my stocke did rise:
And of a Prince of Cornewall first begonne,
But what thereby of glory haue I wonne?
Can this suffice to aunswere eke for mee,
I came by parentes of an highe degree?

Or shall I saye Kimarus I was king?
Then might I liue as lewdely as I lust:
No sure I cannot so auoyde the stinge,
Of shame that prickes such Princes are vniust:
We rather should vnto our vertues trust,
For vertue of the auncient bloud and kin,
Doth onely prayse the parties shees within.

And no-

And nobles onely borne of this be sure,
Without the vertues of their noble race:
Do quite and cleane themselues thereby obscure,
And their renowne and dignities deface:
They do their birth and linage all abase:
For why in deede they are sought so nett,
In vertues graue, as vices vnexpert.

But oft (God wot) they fare as erst did I,
They thincke if once they can of Princely locke
Then are they placed safe, and sure for dye
Aboue the rest as founded on a rocke:
Of wise mens warnings all they make a mocke:
Their counsayles graue, as abiect reders despise:
And count the vnaue, men gracious, worthy wise.

This kingdome came to me by due discent,
For why my father was before me king:
But I to pleasure all and lust was bent,
I neuer reckt of Iustice any thinge:
What purpose I did meane to passe to bring.
That same t'accomplishe I with all my might:
Endeuorde euer, were it wronge or right.

I deemde the greatest ioyes, in earthly hap:
I thought my pleasures euer would abide:
I seemde to sit, in Ladie Fortunes lap:
I reckt not all the world, me thought beside:
I did by lust my selfe, and others guide:
Whereby the fates to worke my bane withall,
And cut me of, thus wise procurde my fall.

As I

As I was alwayes bent to hunting ſtill,
(Yet hunting was no vice to thoſe I had)
When I three yeares had ruld this realme at will,
In chace a chaunce did make my harte full ſad:
Wilde cruell beaſtes as deſperate and mad,
Turnde back on me, as I them brought to baye:
And in their rage, my ſinfull corps did ſlay.

A iuſt reward, for ſo vniuſt a life,
No worſe a death, then I deſerued yore.
Such wrekes in th'ende to wretches all are rife:
Who may and will not call for grace before.
My wilfull deedes wer nought, what wilt thou more?
My wanton wildneſſe, witleſſe, heedleſſe toyes:
By brutiſhe beaſtes bereau'd me of my ioyes.

FINIS.

The Authoure.

ON this Kimarus left me all alone,
And ſo did Morpheus, then I thought to reſte.
But yet againe he came preſenting one,
For audience likewiſe making his requeſte,
A worthy prince, he ware a warlike creſte:
A blade in hande, he bloudy ruſty bore,
VVas all his harneſſe from his ſhoulders tore.

His armes and handes were all embrued in bloud,
So was his breſte, but all the reſt beſide,
Seemde rayde with matter vyle, or ſlimy mud,
VVith red and yelowe as it were bedide:
You ſcarcely could the ſight therof abide:
Yet ſith he ſeemde ſome worthy wight to be,
It brought by farre leſſe ſquemiſhnes to me.

Morindus a baſtarde, declares howe hee was exalted to the kingdome, waxed cruell, and at laſt was deuoured by a monſter, the yeare before Chriſt.

303.

LEt me likewyſe declare my factes and fall:
And eke recite what meanes this ſlimy glere:
You neede not fayne ſo quainte a looke at all,
Although I ſeeme ſo fulſome euery where.
This blade in bloudy hand perdy I beare,
And all this goze bemingled with this glue:
In witnes I my deadly enmy ſlewe.

Then marke my tale beware of raſhnes vile,
I am Morindus once was Britayne king:
On whom did ſwetely lady Fortune ſmyle,
Till ſhe me to hir top of towres did bring.
My fame both farre and nere ſhe made to ring,
And eke my prayſe exalted ſo to ſkye:
In all my time, more famous none then I.

Some

Some saye I was by birth, a bastarde base:
Begotten of the Prince his concubine.
But what I was, declared well my grace:
My fortitude, and stature princely mine:
My father eke that came of princely line,
King Danius gaue not so base degree,
Nor yet the noble Britaynes vnto mee.

For feates of armes, and warlike pointes I past:
In courage stoute, there liu'de not then my pere:
I made them all, that knewe my name agaste,
And heard how great my enterprises were,
To shrinke, and slynke, and shifte aside for feare:
All which at length, did me such glory bring,
My father dead, the Britaynes made me king.

But see how blinde we are, when Fortune smyles,
How senceles we, when dignities increase:
We euer vse our selues discretely whyles
We litle haue, and lowe to liue in peace.
Smale fauters faetes, with mercy we release:
We vse no rigoure, rancoure, rapine such:
As after, when we haue our willes to much.

For while that I, a subiect was no king,
Whyle I had nothing, but my faetes alone:
I studied still, in euery kinde of thing
To serue my prince, and vnderfange his fone:
To vse his subiectes frendly, euer in one:
And for them all, aduentures such to take,
As might them all my persone fauoure make.

But when I once, attained had the crowne,
I waxed cruell, tyranous and fell:
I had no longer minde of my renowne:
I vsde my selfe to ill, the truthe to tell:
O base degree in happy case full well!
Which art not pukt with pryde, vainglory, hate:
But art beneath, content to byde thy fate.

For I aloft, when once my heate was in:
Not rain'de by reason, ruled all by might:
Ne prudence rekte, right, strength, or meane a pin:
But with my frendes, in anger all would fight:
I stroke, kilde, slewe who euer were in sight:
Without respect, remorce, reproufe, regarde,
And like a mad man, in my fury farde.

I deemde my might, and fortitude was suche:
That I was able therby conquere all.
Highe kingdomes seate, encreast my pompe so much:
My pryde me thought, impossible to fall.
But God confoundes our proude deuices all,
And bringes that thing wherein we most do trust:
To our destruction, by his iudgement iust.

For when three yeares I ruled had this Isle,
Without all rule, as was my ruleles life:
The rumour ran abroade within a whyle,
And chiefly in the Northwell country ryfe:
A monster came from Th'irish seas, brought grieke,
To all my subiectes in those coastes did dwell,
Deuouring man, and beaste a monster fell.

Which

Which when I knew for trought I straight prepard
In warlike wyse my selfe to try the case:
My haste therto a courage bolde declard,
For I alone would enter in the place.
At whom with with speare on horse I fetcht my race
But on his scales it enter could no more:
Then might a bulrushe on a brasen dore.

Againe I prou'd, yet nought at all prevailde,
To breake my speare, and not to pearce his syde:
With that the roaring monster me assailde,
So terrifide my horse, I could not ride.
Wherwith I lighted and with sworde I tryde,
By strokes and thrustes to finde some open in:
But of my sight he neuer past a pin.

And when I wearied was, and spent with fighte:
That kept my self with heede his daunger fro,
At last almost ashamde I wanted mighte,
And skill to worke the beastly monster wo,
I gate me nerer with my sworde him to,
And thought his flanckes or vnderpartes to wounde:
If there from scales, might any place be founde.

But frustrate of my purpose, finding none,
And eke within his daunger entred quite:
The grizely beast, straight seasoned me vpon,
And let his talauntes, on my corps to light,
He gript my shoulders, not resiste I might:
And roaring with a greedy rauening looke,
At once in iawes, my body whole he tooke.

The way was large, and downe he drewe me in:
A monstrous paunche for rowmth & wondrous wide,
But for I felte more softer there the skinne,
At once I drewe, a dagger by my side:
I knew my life, no longer could abide:
For rammishe stenche, bloud, poyson, slymy glere:
That in his body, so aboundaunt were.

Wherefore I labouring to procure his death,
While first my dagger digde about his harte:
His force to caste me, welnie drew my brethe,
But as he felt within, his woundes to smarte:
I joyde to feele the mighty monster starte,
That roarde, & belcht, & groande, & plungde & cride,
And tosse me by and downe, from side to side.

Long so in panges he plungde, and panting lay
And drewe his wynde, so faste with such a powze:
That quite and cleane he drew my breath away,
We both were dead well nighe within an howre.
Lo thus one beastly monster did devoure,
An other monster mooveles se to his payne:
At once the realme was rid, of monsters twayne.

Here maist thou see of fortitude the hap,
Where Prudẽce, Justice, Tẽperaunce hath no place:
How sodainly we taken are in trap,
When we despise good vertues to embrace.
Intemperaunce doth all our deedes deface,
And lettes vs heedlesse headlong run so faste,
Wee seeke our owne destruction at the laste.

For be

For he that hath of fortitude and might,
And therto hath a kingdome ioynde withall:
Except he also guyde him selfe aright,
His powre and strength preuaileth him but small.
He cannot scape at length an hapelesse fall,
Or Gods reuenge, example take by mee:
And let my death sufficient warning bee.

FINIS.

The Authoure.

I Could not thus departe to take my reste,
For Morpheus bad me byde and heare the last.
(q he) behinde as yet, is one the beste:
" Do stay a whyle, giue eare till he be past,
" And therewithall approtched one full fast,
The worthiest wight I euer erste did see:
These wordes he spake, or like it seemed mee.

Nennius a worthy Britayne, the very paterne of a valiaunt, noble, and faithfull subiecte encountring with Iulius Cæsar at his firste comming into this Islande, was by him death wounded, yet natheleſſe he gate Cæsars ſwoorde: put him to flight: ſlewe therewith Labienus a Tribune of the Romaynes, endured fight til his countrey men wan the battayle, died fiftene dayes after. And nowe encourageth all good ſubiectes to defende their countrey from the powre of foraine and vſurping enemies. About the yeare before Chriſte. 52.

I May by right ſome later wryters blame,
Of ſtoryes olde, as rude or negligent:
Or els I may them well vnlearned name,
Or beedeleſſe, in thoſe thinges about they went:
Some time on mee, as well they might haue ſpent:
As on ſuch traytours, tyraunts, harlottes thoſe,
Which to their countreyes, were the deadlieſt foes.

Ne for my ſelfe, I would not this recite,
Although I haue occaſion good therto,
But ſure me thinkes, it is ſo great deſpite,
Theſe men to others and their countries do.
For there are Britaynes neither one or two,
Whoſe names in ſtoryes ſcarcely once appeare:
And yet their liues, examples worthy were.

Tis worthy praise (I graunt) to write the endes
Of vicious men, and teach the like beware:
For what hath of vertue that commends,
Such persones leade, as nought of vertues care:
But for to leaue out those praise worthy are,
Is like as if a man had not the skill,
To praise the good but discommend the ill.

I craue no praise, although my selfe deseru'de,
As great a laude as any Britayne yore:
But I would haue it tolde how well I seru'de,
My Prince and countrey, faith to both I bore:
All noble hartes, hereby with courage more:
May both their forraine foes in fight withstande,
And of their enmies haue the vpper hande.

Againe, to shewe how valiaunt then we were,
(You Britaynes good) to moue your harts therby,
All other nations lesse in fight to feare,
And for your countrey rather so to dye
With valiaunt hauty courage as did I:
Then liue in bondage, seruice, slauery, thrall
Of forraine powres, which hate your manhode all.

Do giue me leaue to speake but euen a while:
And marke, and write this story I thee tell.
By North from London, more then fifty myle:
There lies the Ile, of Ely knowne full well:
Wherein my father built a place to dwell,
And for because he liked well the same:
He gaue the place be Ely hight, his name.

Tis namde

Tis namde the Isle of Ely yet perdy,
My father namde it so, yet wyters misse.
Or if I may be bolde to saye: thry lye
Of him, which tell that farre untruth like is.
What truth (I pray you) seemes to be in this?

Lanquet Stowe. Grafton Flores Histor.

« Hee Ely lou'de, a goodly place built there:
« Most it delited, raignde not full a yeare.

He raigned fourty yeares as other tell,
Which seemes as tis a tale moze true by farre:
By iustice guided he his subiects well,
And liu'de in peace without the broyles of warre.
His childzens noble actes in stozies are.
In vulgare tongue: but nought is said of mee,
And yet I wozthy was, the pongste of three.

His eldest sonne and heire was after king,
A noble Prince and he was named Lud:
Full polliticke and wyse in euery thing,
And one that wild his country alwayes good.
Such vses, customes, statutes he withstoode,
As seemde to bring the publique weales decaye:
And them abolisht, brake, repealde awaye.

So he the walles of Troy the new renewde,
Enlargde them mayde, with fourty towzes about,
And at the West side of the wall he bewde
A place, foz gates to keepe the enmies out:
There made he prisons foz the poore bankrout,
Namde Ludgate yet foz free men de bters, free
From hurt, till with their creditours they gree.

Some saye

Some saye the Citie also tooke the name
Of Lud my brother: for he it reparde,
And I must needes as true confesse the same:
For why that time no cost on it he sparde.
He still encreast and peopled euery warde:
And bad them aye Kaer lud the citie call,
Or Ludstone, now you name it London all.

At length he dyed, his children vnder age.
The elder named was Androgeus,
Committing both vnto my brothers charge:
The ponger of them hight Tennancius.
The Britaynes wanting aged rulers thus,
Chose for that time Cassibellane their king,
My brother Iustice ment in euery thing.

The Romaine then the mighty Cæsar fought,
Against the Galles and conquerde them by might,
Which, non: he stode on shores where see he mought.
The Ocean seas, and Britayne clieues full bright.
(Quoth he) what Region lies there in my sight,
Wee thinkes some Ilande in the seas I see:
Not yet subdued, nor vanquisht yet by mee:

With that they tolde him, wee the Britaynes were:
A people stoute, and fearce in feates of warre.
(Quoth he) the Romaynes neuer yet with feare,
Of Nation rude, was daunted of so farre:
Wee therfore minde, to proue them what they are.
And therewithall, the letters hither sent,
By those Embassage brought, and thus they went.

C. Iulius

The Tragœdye

C. Iulius Cæſar Dict. of Rome to Caſsibellane king of Britayne ſendeth greeting.

« SIth that the Gods haue giuen vs all the Weſt,
« As ſubiects to our Romaine Empire hie:
« By warre, or as it ſeemed Ioue the beſt,
« Of whom we Romaynes came and chiefly I,

« Therefore to you which in the Ocean dwell,
« As yet not vnderneth ſubiection due:
« Wee ſende our letters greeting, wete ye well,
« In warlike caſes, thus we deale with you.

« Firſt that you as the other Regions paye,
« Us tribute yearely, Romaynes we require:
« Then that you will with all the force you may,
« Withſtand our foes, as yours with ſword and fire.

« And thirdly that by theſe, you pledges ſende,
« T'aſſure the couenaunts once agreed by you.
« So with your daunger leſſe, our warres may ende:
« Els bid we warre, Caſsibelane Adieu.

Cæſar.

No ſooner were theſe Cæſars letters ſeene,
But ſtraight the king for all his nobles ſent:
He ſhewd them what their auncеſtours had bene,
And prayde them tell in this their whole intent.
He tould them where about the Romaynes went,

And what

And what subiection was, how seruile they
Should bee, if Cæsar bare their pompe away.

And all the Britaynes euen as set on fyre,
(My selfe not least enflamed was to fight)
Did humbly him in ioyfull wyse require:
That he his letters would to Cæsar wryte,
And tell him playne wee past not of his spite.
Wee past at litle, of the Romaines wee,
And lesse: then they of vs, if lesse might bee.

Wherefore the ioyfull king againe replide,
Through counsaile wise of all the nobles had,
By letters he the Romaines bestes denyde:
Which made the Britaynes hauty harts full glad,
No doubt the Romaines more then half were mad,
To heare his letters written, thus they went:
Which he againe to mighty Cæsar sent.

Cassibellane king of Brit. to C. Iulius Cæsar Dictat. sendeth aunswere.

"AS thou O Cæsar writtle the Gods haue giuen to thee,
"The West: so I reply, they gaue this Islande mee.
"Thou sayst you Romaines, and thy selfe of Gods discende:
"And darst thou then, to spoyle our Troyan bloud pretende?
"Againe, though Gods haue giu'ne, thee al the world as thine:
"Thats parted from the world, thou getst no lande of mine.
"And lyth likewyse of Gods we came, a Nation free:
"Wee owe no tribute, ayde, or pledge to Rome or thee.

To saue

« Retract thy will, or wauge thy warre as likes the best:
« Wee are to fight, and rather then to frendship prest.
« To saue our country, from the force of forraine strife:
« Eche Britayne here, is well content to venter life.
« We feare not of the ende, or daungers thou dost teil:
« But vse thy pleasure if thou mayste, thus fare thou well.

Cassib.

When Cæsar had receau'de his aunswere so,
It vext him much: he fully straight decreed,
To wage vs warre, and worke vs Britaynes woe:
Therfore he hasted hitherwarde with speede,
We Britaynes eke, prepar'de our selues with heede,
To meete the Romaines all in warlike wise:
With all the force, and speede we might deuise.

Wee Britaynes then farre deemde it meeter much,
To meete him first at th'entry on this lande:
Then for to giue an entry here to such,
Might with our victuals here our selues withstande.
Tis better far thy enemy to abande,
Quite from thy borders to a straunger soyle:
Then be at home, thee and thy country spoyle.

Wherefore we met him, at his entry in,
And pitche our campes directly in his way:
Wee minded sure to leese or els to winne
The prayse, before wee past from thence away.
So when that both the armies were in ray,
And trumpets blaste on euery side was blowne:
Our mindes to either eche, were quickly knowne.

Wee

Wee ioyned battaile, fercely both we fought:
The Romaynes to enlarge their Empires fame,
And wee with all the force and might we mought,
To saue our country, and to keepe our name.
O worthy Britaynes learne to doe the same,
Wee brake the rapes of all the Romaine hoft:
And made the mighty Cæsar leaue his boaft.

Yet he the worthieft Captaine euer was,
Brought all in ray, and fought againe a newe:
His skilfull fouldiours he could bring to paffe,
At once for why his traynings all they knewe.
No foner I his noble corps did vewe,
But in I brake amongft the Captaines bande,
And there I fought with Cæsar hand to hande.

O God thou mighteft haue giuen a Britaine grace,
T'haue flaine the Romayne Cæsar noble then:
Which fought his bloud the Britaynes to defame,
And bring in bondage, valiaunt worthy men.
He neuer fhould haue gone to Rome agen,
To fight with Pompey, or his Peres to flaye,
Or els to bring his country in decaye.

It ioyde my hart to ftrike on Cæsars creft,
O Cæsar that there had ben none but wee:
I often made my fword to trie thy breft,
But Lady Fortune did not looke on mee.
I able was mee thought with Cæsars thee,
To trie the cafe: I made thy hart to quake,
When on thy creft with mighty ftrokes I ftrake.

The ftro-

The ſtrokes thou ſtrokſt me, hurt me nought at al:
For why thy ſtrength was nothing in reſpect,
But thou hadſte bathde thy ſwoꝛd in poyſon all:
Which did my wounde, not deadly els infect.
Yet was I oꝛ I parted thence bewꝛeckte,
I gate thy ſwoꝛde from thee foꝛ all thy fame:
And made thee flye, foꝛ feare to eate the ſame.

Foꝛ when thy ſwoꝛde was in my Target faſt,
I made thee flye, and quickly leaue thy holde:
Thou neuer waſt in all thy life ſo gaſt,
Noꝛ durſt againe be euer halfe ſo bolde.
I made a nomber Romaines harts full colde,
Fight, fight, you noble Britaynes nowe (qꝛ I)
Wee neuer all will vnreuenged die.

What Cæſar though thy pꝛaiſe and mine be odꝛ
Perdy the ſtoꝛies ſcarce remember mee:
Though Poets all of thee do make a God,
Such ſimple fooles in making Gods they bee.
Yet if I might my caſe haue tride with thee.
Thou neuer hadſt retournde to Rome againe:
Noꝛ of thy faithfull frendes, bin beaſtly ſlayne.

A number Britaynes mightſt thou ther haue ſeene,
Death wofully fight, and ſpoyle their ſpiteful foes:
My ſelfe mayde, ſlewe and mangled mo I weene,
When I was hurt then twenty moꝛe of thoſe.
I made the Romaines harts to take their hoſe:
In all the campe no Romaine ſcarce I ſpyde,
Durſt halfe a combat gainſt a Britayne byde.

At length

At lengthe I met a noble man they calde
Him Labienus, one of Cæsars frendes,
A Tribune erste had many Britaynes thralde:
Was one of Cæsars legates forth he sendes.
Well met (qᵖ I) I mynde to make thee mendes,
For all thy frendship to our countrey crewe:
And so with Cæsars swoorde, his frende I slewe.

What neede I name you euery Britayne here,
As first the king the nobles all beside:
Full stoute and worthy wightes in warre that were,
As euer erste the stately Romaynes tryde.
Wee fought so long they durst no longer byde,
Proude Cæsar he for all his bragges and boste:
Flew back to shippes, with halfe his scattered hoste.

If he had bene a God as sottes him namde,
He could not of vs Britaynes taken foyle:
The Monarche Cæsar might haue bene ashamde,
From such an Ilande with his shippes recoyle,
Or else to flye and leaue behinde the spoyle:
But life is swete, he thought it better flye,
Then byde amongst vs Britaynes for to die.

I had his swoorde, was namde Croceamors,
With which he gaue me in the head a stroke,
The venime of the which had such a force,
It able was to perce the harte of oke:
No medcines might the poyson out reuoke,
Wherfore though scarce he perced had the skin:
In fiftene dayes my braynes it ranckled in.

And then to soone (alas therfore) I dyde.
I would to God he had retournde againe:
So that I might but once the bastard spyde,
Before he went I had the serpent slaine.
Her playde the cowarde cutthrote all to playne,
A beastly serpentes harte that beaste detectes:
Which or he fight, his sworde with bane infectes.

Well then my death, brought Cæsar no renowne:
For both I gate therby, eternall fame,
And eke his sworde to strike his frendes a downe:
I slewe therewith his Labiene by name,
With prince, against my countrey foes I came:
Was wounded, yet did neuer fainte, nor yelde:
Till Cæsar with his souldiours fled the fielde.

Who would not venter life in such a case?
Who would not fight, at countreis whole requeste:
Who would not meeting Cæsar in the place,
Fight for life, prince and countrey with the beste:
The greateste courage is by factes exprest.
Then for thy prince with fortitude as I,
And realmes behole: is prayse, to liue or dy.

Now wryte my life when thou hast leisure and,
Will all thy countrey men to learne by mee,
Both for their prince and for their native lande:
As valiaunte, bolde and feareleste for to bee.
A patecne playne of fortitude they see,
To which directly if them selues they frame:
They shall preserue, their countrey, faith and fame.

VVhen

WHen noble Nennius thus had ended talke,
He vaniſht with ſo ſweete an heauenly ſmell:
Me ſeemde the graces all with him did walke,
And what I heard of Muſicke did excell.
Like notes of Inſtruments no tongue can tell,
VVith harmonie, of ſuch an heauenly noyes:
Me ſeemde they paſſed all our earthly ioyes.

Their tunes declarde the battaile all ſo right,
As if the Britaynes and the Romaynes than,
Had preſently in hearing and in ſight:
A freſhe the bloudy battaile all began.
Me thought I heard the vertoes of the man,
By notes declarde, and Cæſars daungers tolde:
More plainely, then with eyes I might beholde.

But when they came to tell of Cæſaars flight,
I ſawe the Romaines fall me thought full faſt,
And all the Britaynes, chace them euen till night:
VVherwith the ſounde of Britiſhe trompets blaſt.
Made me ſo madde and mazed at the laſt:
I lookt about for ſword or weapon I,
To runne with Britaines, cride they flie they flie.

Their flight to ſhipps, and foyle the trompets ſound
And blewe the victours triumphes at retourne:
The noyſe well nigh my ſences did confound,
And made my hart with all their loues to borne.
But when they gan the wounded Britaynes mourne.
VVith doubled wayling ſhricks, ſuch cries they ſent:
And ſobbes and ſighes, welnigh my hart they rent.

Eke chiefly they at noble Nennius ſtayde,
They ſeemde with dolefull tunes their notes to riue,
And ſodainly his prayſe againe they playde:
O worthy Nennius for thy facts aliue,
The trumpe of Fame was ſtraightly chargde reuiue,
And keepe, maintaine and celebrate his praiſe:
VVhich graunted, al they vaniſht quite their ways.

On this in traunce I lay me thought a while,
And muſde reioyſing what a wight he was:
A worthy knight that for this noble Iſle,
So fought it forth, a Mirroire playne, a glaſſe
(For thoſe aliue) whoſe vertues ſo did paſſe:
As for his factes, fight, fortitude, and fame:
Hee well deſeru'de, an euerlaſting name.

At ſuch a time and place is vertue tryde,
VVhen mãhode may, both prince and coũtry pleaſe:
By ſuch a brunt, the valiaunt will abide,
And bend their force to worke their countries eaſe,
They thinke no trauayle loſte, by lande, or ſeaſe:
But venture fortune, goodes, life, landes and heale:
To fight it out, for Prince, and publique weale.

You that haue herd, or read the worthy factes,
Of Nennius here (ſo rudely pende by mee)
Learne ſo to fight, and let your noble actes:
By thoſe that after come, recounted bee.
I may full well reioyce, he ſpake to mee:
For if I had not ſtayde, to heare him then:
I thinke he ſcarce had come, to ſpeake agen.

But

But let me nowe, retourne againe to tell:
VVhat after this, me chaunst to see and heare,
I trust yee Readers like my dealing well:
In promise that I made, this later yeare.
For sure I thinke, a man farre better were
Not speake at all: to promese hilles of gold,
And in performance, waxe as key full colde.

I saide (if God sent time, and space therfore)
Ye should receaue from mee (as ley sure came)
Of these my simple toyles, a greater store.
And partly yeu perceaue, how I performe the same.
Such workes, as this my simple muse can frame,
(VVith all my harte and minde, you freely haue:
As free, as God these giftes, me frely gaue.

VVherefore giue eare, now harken well to this:
As to these tunes, I gaue me thought some heede:
In doubte if sences, led my mynde amisse,
Or whether ὕπνος me with toyes did feede.
VVhat doth (said Morphe) now this musing nede?
Art thou so farre orewatcht, thy wittes the fayle?
Or els do fancies, more then wit preuayle?

Not so (q I) though far the night be past,
And yet me thinkes, I could be well content
To leaue them so (if this were now the last)
So thou therto and Somnus sweete consent:
This noble Nennius well the time hath spent.
I would haue staide, if he had spoken more:
Twas his departure, troubled me so sore.

(Quoth he) thou muſt a whyle yet longer byde:
In fewe he ſhall declare, how he hath ſped
That commes. And euen with that I lookt aſide,
And ſawe a coarſe approache without a head.
VVhat now (q I) though erſte (by thee) the dead
VVere cauſde to ſpeake, declaring all their will?
Yet ſpeach of headleſſe men, doth paſſe my ſkill.

VVith that gan Morphe' touch him with his mace,
And ſodainly an head, on ſhoulders pight.
For lacke of vſe, he could not turne his face,
Or elſe had Morpheus ſcarcely ſet it right.
He had forgotten eke, to turne his ſight:
But ſtill he ſtode his face to ſet awrye,
And wappering turnid vp his white of eye.

As t'were a dead man, reared vp an end
Deuoyde of life, and yet a feeling had:
His lippes lay open, grimly ofte, hee grend:
VVith hollowe eyes, full oft he frowned ſad,
And bent his browes, and lookte as he were mad,
I ſawe not in my life, I thinke his pere:
Nor ſhall not, if I liue this hundred yeare.

At length he tryde, which way to tell his mynde:
Yet how to ſpeake, his tonge had quite forgotte:
Each inſtrument forgotten had his kinde:
That erſte could run at randon and by roate
But then me thought, with fiſt his breſt hee ſmote
The other hande, his muſing browes did holde:
And as awakte (at laſte) this tale he tolde.

Irenglas Nephewe to Cassibellan king of Britayne, recountes how he was slayne by Elenine cosen to Androgeus Earle of London, about the yeare before Christ. 51.

AMongst the rest, that whilome sate aloft:
Amongst the rest, that once had happy chaunce:
Amongst the rest, that had good fortune oft:
Amongst the rest, that could them selues aduaunce:
Amongst the rest, that led in warres the flaunce,
And wan the palme, the prayse, renowne and fame,
(Yet after fell in proufe to trie the same)
Leaue in thy booke, a place to put my name.

Which (Higgins) if thou shalt, and wryte therin
This tale I tell: no doubte thou shalt me please,
Thy selfe likewyse therby, maysle profit wyn:
For why who wrytes such hystories as these,
Doth often bring the Readers hartes such ease:
As when they sit, and see what he doth note,
And lessons learne, to saue their armour coate:
Well fare his harte (say they) this wryter that wrote.

Perhaps thou aunswere wilt, and eke confesse,
They may in deede giue thankes and that is all:
They can (sayst thou) I thinke giue scarcely lesse:
For such a gift, a guerdon far to small:
Well yet do wryte, content thy selfe withall.
Thou must the ende that God appointes abyde:
Though they ingratefull be, of reason wyde:
Thou must not therfore, this thy talent hyde.

This I obiecte not that I thinke it so,
But if it erst, haue chaunced so to hit:
Thou shouldst not therefore let these stories goe,
Which may perhaps so exercise thy wit,
And may so frame thy phrases fine and fit:
Though now no other gift, then thankes thou haue:
Yet shall thy verses liue, thy name to saue,
And spread thy prayse, when thou art layde in graue.

But sure I thinke, among so great a sorte,
As shall thy workes and writinges chaunce to see:
Of courtzy all, thou canst not finde them shorte:
But som must needes consider well of thee.
Though some do pinche, and saue: to thriue, and thie,
And some do poll and pill to get the pelfe:
And some haue layde vp all on lesing shelfe:
Yet some will, well consider of thy selfe.

I had almost stept in, with thee so far:
To byd the wryte, and register my name:
(Because I feard, of late the Romaine warre
Thou wrotst: had ended all thy former frame,
And I had bene, excluded from the same)
That nowe I feare, I weary thee with talke,
While from my purpose, far aloofe I stalke:
In steede of cheese, to fill thy chaps with chalke.

Wherfore I will be briefe, and tell thee all
My minde: the cause why I do now appeare.
I will recite to thee my sodaine fall:
And what in like mine exercises were:
To which since I do see thee set thine eare.
Marke now my tale, and beare it well away:
Marke what me brought, so sodayne in decay:
And marke of lusty life, th'vnstable staye.

Let

Let who ſo ſtandes truſt to a ſtedfaſt holde,
(If he ſuppoſe, he may a ſteedy ſtande)
And then he neede not ſtagger when he nolde:
As I and others calde againe to minde
But truſt not Fortune, ſhe is counted blinde
To prayſe hir prankes, occaſion gines no cauſe,
Do wyſely or you prayſe hir, take the pauſe:
Elſe may you proue, your ſelues at l̄gth but dawes.

Som loue to boaſte what Fortune they haue had:
Som other blame, miſfortune thers as faſt:
Som tell of Fortunes, there be good and bad:
Som fooles of Fortune make them ſelues agaſt:
Som ſhewe of Fortunes comming, preſent, paſt:
And ſay there is a fate that ruleth all.
But ſure it ſeemes their wiſdome is but ſmall:
To talke ſo much, of lady Fortunes ball.

No Fortune is ſo bad, our ſelues ne frame:
There is no chaunce at all hath vs preſeru'de:
There is no fate, whom we haue neede to blame:
There is no deſtinie, but is deſeru'de:
No lucke that leaues vs ſafe, or vnpreſeru'de:
Let vs not then complayne of Fortunes ſkill:
For all our good, deſcendes from goddes good will,
And of our lewdnes, ſpringeth all our ill.

If ſo a man might ſtay on Fortunes holde,
Or elſe on Prince, as piller of defence:
Then might my ſelf to done the ſame be bolde
In euery perill, purpoſe or pretence.
Caſsibelan as much as any Prince
Lou'de me his nephewe Irenglas by name,
Both for my feates in armes, and fauour, fame:
And for becauſe I of his linage came.

I came

I came (by parentes) of his regall race
Liu'de happy dayes (if happy mortall bee)
Had (as I sayd) his fauoure, bare the grace:
I was his loyall nephew franke and free:
But what of this at all preuayled mee?
Yet further more the feates of armes I knewe:
I taught in fielde, when mighty Cæsar slewe,
And of the Romaynes came, my part I slewe.

Shall I for this, prayse Fortune, ought at all?
Did Fortune ought in this? no no be sure:
Or shall I blame hir after for my fall?
That neuer could, me any hurt procure:
T'was glory payne, did sweetely me allure,
Wherfore giue eare, and then with penne disclose,
A tale which (though but rudely I dispose)
Who reades and heares it, both may pleasure those.

Full happy were, our countrey men that dyde,
And noble Nennius in the field we taught:
When first both Britaynes and the Romaynes trode,
With dint of sworde if title theyrs were ought,
They died, in their defence: no pompe they sought,
They liu'de to see, their countrey conquere still:
They died before, they felt of priuate ill:
And bare each other, all their liues goodwill.

When Cæsar so, with shamefull flight recoyled,
And left our Britayne land vnconquerde first
(Which only thought, our realme & vs. t'haue spoild)
We came to see (of all our fielde the worste)
Our souldiers slayne. O cruell Cæsar curste
(Quoth we) should all these giltles Britaynes dye,
For thine ambition, fye O Cæsar fye.
Yet darst not byde, but like a dastard flye.

But

But then too ſee them in aray to lye,
And foꝛ to ſee them wounded all beforꝛe:
Not one but in his place his life did trie.
To ſee the Romaynes bloudy backes that boꝛe:
In field, flight, dead and ſcatered on the ſhoꝛe:
What thouſand tonges (thinke you) could tel our ioy?
This made our hartes reuiue, this pleaſde our Roy:
And we leſſe fearde, our enmies all anoye.

With trompets mourning tune, and wayling crves,
And dꝛũmes, & fluites, & ſhawmes: we ſound A dieu,
And foꝛ our frendes we watred al our weeping eyes,
As loth to leeſe the liues of ſuch a noble crue.
To th'earth we bare them all in oꝛder due:
Accoꝛding vnto each mans noble fame,
And as their birth requirde and woꝛthy name:
Euen ſo to honour them, with herce we came.

Of noble triumphes after was no ſpare,
We Britaynes erſt, were neuer halfe ſo glad:
That ſo we made the Romaynes hence to fare:
No tonge can tell the harty ioyes we had.
We were therewith ſo merry moodid mad:
Our fingers tickled ſtill, that came from fight:
We had beforꝛe our eyes, our enmies flighte,
And nought was ſeemely there, but ſwoꝛdes in ſight.

So fares it when the meaner giue the ſpoyle,
And make the mighty all their foꝛce reuoke:
So fares it when great victours feie the foyle,
And meaner ſoꝛtes of counte, do giue the ſtroke
That pearceth euen the hardeſt harte of oke:
Foꝛ where the weaker wyn the wadge of fame,
And ſtronger leeſe, their wonted noble name:
The victours hartes, a thouſand ioyes enflame.

A Iulking

A Iusting then proclaimed was for those,
(And turneys) would approach them selues to trie:
Amongst vs Britayns (not against our foes)
Twene th'Earle of Londons rosen stoute and I,
And both the parties, we both could make perdy:
To win the price, the prayse the pompe consent,
And eke the same of former warres we ment:
But foolishe was the end of our intent.

For why, when glory bayne, stirres men to strife:
When hope of prayse, prouokes them once to Ire:
Then they at all regarde no goodes nor life,
From faithfull frendship, rudely they retyre:
They are so set, with glozies gloze on eyre:
That quite, they rule and reason wrest awrye,
They turne away, their frendly fawting eye:
And others each, as fixed foes defie.

O God that worke'st all the wonders wrought,
(And hast the powre to turne the hartes aliue)
Graunt grace to those, that labour so for nought,
But flitting fame, and titles hauty stryue.
Let not ambition, so the earth depriue
Of worthy wightes: giue them som better grace,
That they may run, for contryes weale their race,
And not their bloud, w brainsicke brawles debace.

Let them not breake the bond of frendly loue
In broyles of hate: but frendly, faultes redresse:
Let not them so their manhod seeke to proue,
By priuate hate, to worke their owne distresse:
So shall they neede their enemies feare the lesse.
Perdy foule forayne foes, them selues they make:
That in their country, for bayne quarels sake:
Do dare in hande, reuenging weapons take.

But

But what neede I on those aliue to staye,
They haue examples good, before their eyes:
By which (if they haue grace) beware they may.
The happiest men, by others harmes are wyse:
Let them not then, our warning wordes despise,
Do will them wysely, of these thinges debate:
For why the foolishe, ay that warning hate
Are neuer wyse, before it be to late.

Perhaps thou thinkst, to long a time I staye:
(And from that I proposed erst digresse)
Because that here (as it were by the way)
For warnings sake, my conscience I professe.
Yet for my breatch of compasse, blame me lesse
In talke: sith that thou come to heare mee art,
Which seeme (as wemen vse) to reame my harte:
Before I come, to open all my smarte.

Wee spent the daye in iusting (as I sayde)
Appointed erst, among our selues before,
And all the feates of armes (in fielde) we playde,
AEnæas taught our auncestours of yore.
What neede I fill thine eares with talking more?
Wy men, and I had put those feates in vre:
And be likewyse: but nothing yet so sure,
Which did (at length) my hapelesse ende procure.

For as with fortune still I gaue the foyle
To him (that thought the glory all to haue)
When he perceau'de he could not keepe the coyle,
Nor yet with equall match him selfe to saue.
Occasion of dissension great he gaue,
In steede of iest, he offred earnest playe:
In lieu of spoyt, he spite did foule displaye:
In steed of mirth, both malice and decaye.

The

The traytour vile, the tyrraunt (so he prou'de)
With cowardes, cankarde, hatefull, hastie, Ire:
And captifes dealing, shewde how he me lou'de,
When as he could not to his hope aspyre:
To wyn the prayse of triumphe his desire,
He callengde me, and here began the broyle:
He thought with banding braue, to keepe the coyle:
Or else with flattes, and facinges me to foyle.

And that because the iudgment fauourd me,
Perdy report almost of all the route,
Ran still that I, was worthy prayse to be,
And often times they gaue me all a shoute:
This made myne ennmies stare and looke aboute,
And often wyshe them euill alowde that cryde:
Such is the nature still of naughty pryde,
Can nothing lesse, than others prayse abyde.

Wee twayne (q he) betweene our selues will trye
Alone our manhodes both if thou consent.
We ought not breake the prince his peace (q I)
His grace would not be well therwith content.
And sith no hurt, was here nor malice mente:
You ought not so, on choler take it ill,
Though I to wyn the price put forth my skill:
But rather therfore, beare me more good will.

To which he aunswerd as despite had spoke,
With hasty wordes and tauntes of hygher pytes.
I list not any iote (quoth he) reuoke,
Of that is sayd, ne darste thou for thine eares

What

(What euer lookes in place thy fauters beares)
Alone to mete me in the field to fraye.
But I may hap (by chaunce) to finde the day.
Wherein thou shalt, not beare the price away.

As for the king we doubte if he be heyre,
The kingdome is the Earle of Londons right.
And though that he the prince his person beare
(In his nonage) he ought not reue it quyte,
Ne shall he stay mee if I mynde to fighte.
Then where thou speakst (q he) of princes peace,
And wouldst me warne from further dealing leace:
Thou better were (perhaps) to holde thy peace.

On which I playnly sayde, highe treason t'was:
So much to speake, against our soueraigne Lorde,
Quoth I, the boundes of modestie you passe:
That dare your case with prince his right accorde:
Your betters would far better wordes auorde,
And you perhaps your selfe so stoute that showe
Which make as though you sought his ouerthrowe,
Shall shortly more his grace his pleasure knowe.

With that (q Elenine) for so hee highte,
That was the Erle his cosine and my foe:
Thy selfe a traytour rather semest right,
That darste presume amongst thy betters so,
And euen with that I raught to him a bloe:
My frendes likewyse, could not this wrong abyde,
They drew, and so did those on th'other syde:
We freshly fought, and other each defyde.

But

But I was all the marke, wherat they shotte,
The malice still, was ment to none but mee:
At mee they cast, and drewe mee for the lotte,
Which should of all reuenge the ransom bee:
Wherfore they layde about them francke and free,
Till mee they tooke, so compast round about:
As I could not scape from amongst them out:
Was neuer knight, betrayde with such a route.

To make it short I singled was therfore,
Euen as the deare to finde his fatall stroke:
I could not scape, away from them no more:
My pageaunt was in presence there bespoke:
A pillowe they prepared mee of oke:
My handes they bounde, along my corps they led.
From of my shoulders, quite they strooke my head,
And with my death, their cruell eyes they fed.

If euer man that seru'de his Prince with payne,
And well deserued of his publique weale:
If euer knight esteemde it greatest gayne:
For Prince, and countrey in the warres to deale,
My selfe was such, which ventred life and heale
At all assayes, to saue my natiue soyle:
(With all my labour, trauayle, payne and toyle)
Both from the force of foes, and forayne spoyle.

Yet here you see, at home I had my fall,
Not by my fearcest foes, that came in warre:
But by my frende, I gate this griping thrall,
When foly framde, vs both at home to iarre.
Oh that my countrey man, should raunge so farre,
From wisdomes way, to wed hym self to will:
From reasons rule, to wreste his wittes to ill:
From frendship fast, his deerest frend to kill.

Well bid the reſt, beware of triumphes ſuch:
Bid them beware for titles bayne to ſtriue:
Bid them not truſt ſuch ſullayne frendes to much:
Bid them not ſo, their honours high atchieue:
For if they will, preſerue their names aliue:
There is no better way, to worke the ſame:
Then to eſchue, of tyrannie the blame:
Yeke clemency, deſerues a noble name.

FINIS.

The Authour.

With that (me thought) he vaniſht quite away:
And I was come to end my worke at laſt:
Not minding longer on the which to ſtaye,
My penne did trudge to wryte theſe verſes faſt.
I truſt ſith once, they haue the Printer paſt
That went before: theſe fragmentes come behinde,
Shall of the Readers, likewyſe fauour finde.

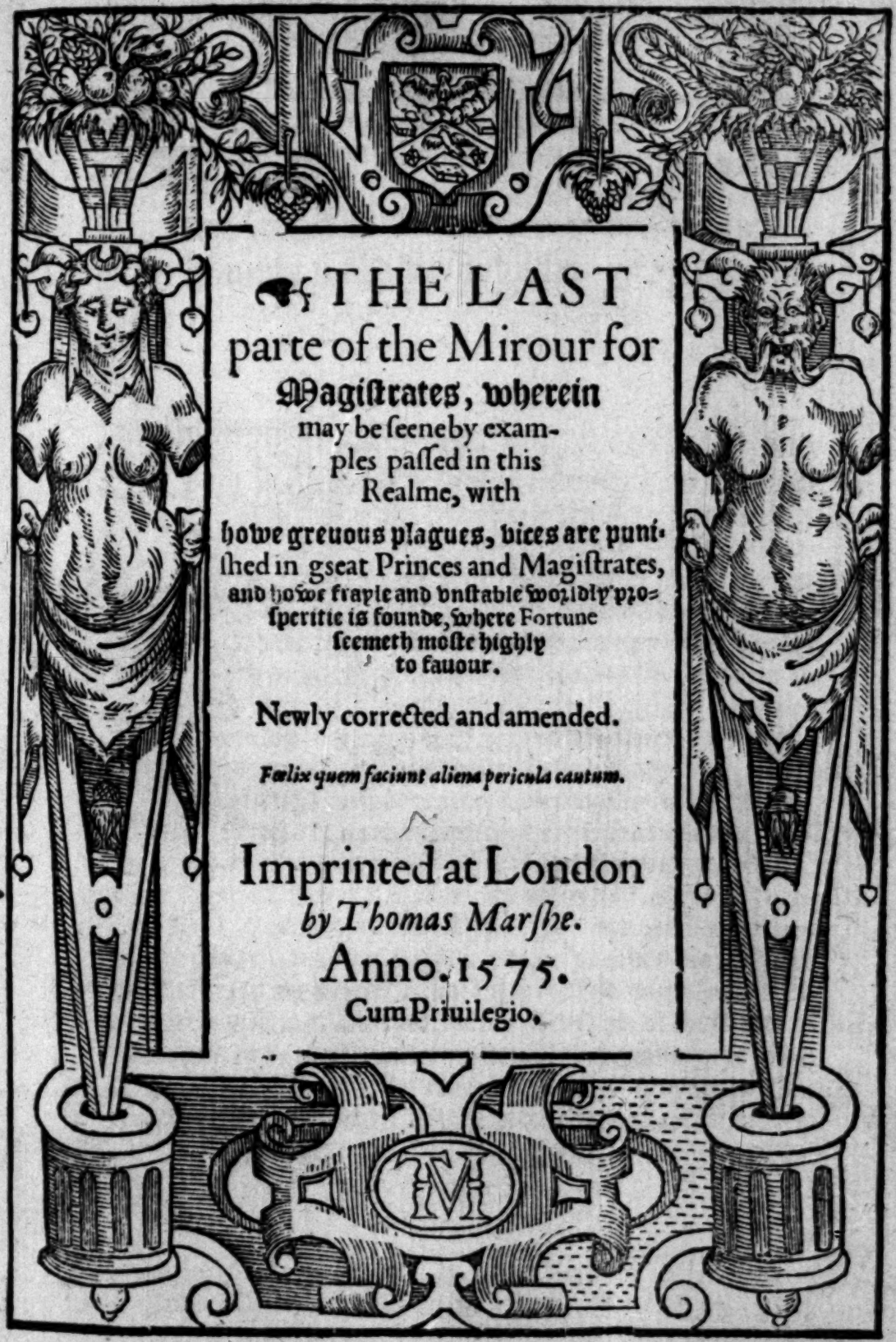
So of my firſt part here I make an ende,
The Seconde parte which I haue now to fyle
Doth call me hence, from theſe to thoſe to wende:
In which if God ſend grace to guyde my ſtyle,
I ſhall (I truſt) and that in ſhorter whyle,
Againe retourne, to Printers preſſe with thoſe:
Which ſhal likewiſe, their fight and falles diſcloſe.

The Authour.

Till then farewell a thousand times to thee,
VVhich takst in hand this booke to shun the ill,
That was the fall of these described by mee,
And haste to mende their faultes a firme good will,
I wishe thy health, increase of vertu still,
Adieu farewell, I haue but this to say,
God send vs both his heauenly grace for aye.

I. Higgins.

60055



THE LAST parte of the Mirour for Magistrates, wherein may be seene by examples passed in this Realme, with

howe greuous plagues, vices are punished in great Princes and Magistrates, and howe fraple and vnstable worldly prosperitie is founde, where Fortune seemeth moste highly to fauour.

Newly corrected and amended.

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

Imprinted at London
by Thomas Marshe.
Anno. 1575.
Cum Priuilegio.